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Let us show you the same country that we did Joyce Rockwood. See article, "Spanish Gold in the Henrys", on page 18 of this issue.

Informal Dining . .

Photo by Byron Crader



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Volume 33, Number 5

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CONTENTS

FEATURES



THE COVER:

Backed up by the Glen Canyon Dam, the Colorado River forms Lake Powell whose waters cover 186 miles between the Utah and Arizona border and are surrounded by brilliant sandstone cliffs and fantastic formations. Photo by Patricia Sager. INSCRIPTIONS AT WILLOW SPRINGS 8 by Mildred Hooper

DESERT HANGUP by K. L. Boynton

LAKE POWELL ADVENTURE by Jack Pepper

SPANISH GOLD IN THE HENRYS by Joyce Rockwood

A MAN . . . HIS MONUMENTS . . . HIS MISSION 22 by Bill Knyvett

THROUGH UTAH'S BACK COUNTRY by Ronald Shofner

ARCHES OF WHITE MESA by Jack Pepper

RUINS OF TALL HOUSE by Milo Bird

DEPARTMENTS

A PEEK IN THE PUBLISHER'S POKE by William Knyvett

RAMBLING ON ROCKS by Glenn and Martha Vargas

BOOK REVIEWS by Jack Pepper

DESERT GARDENING by Eric Johnson

CALENDAR OF WESTERN EVENTS Club Activities

WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT by Joleen A. Robison

LETTERS & Reader's Comments

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A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

May is a grand month with the excitement of planning the summer vacation uppermost in the minds of many. With this in mind the current issue was designed for the people who like to do something different and plan a little in advance. Southern Utah and Northern Arizona offer just about anything a vacationer could possibly want with matchless scenery of brilliant hues plus the full gamut of outdoor recreation. One note to keep in mind. With the ever-increa-

sing population the demand for accommodations will be greater than ever, and it is the wise vacationer who plans ahead. The map on page 17 includes all the areas on which articles were written.

Vandalism has been mentioned several times in this column and at the risk of becoming boring I would like to cite just one more instance that apalls me. This time it is cemetery vandalism, which is on the increase. Both California and Nevada have had an alarming increase of headstone stealing, and the excavation and looting of graves, during the past few years.

Much of this type of desecration goes unknown because it takes place in pioneer cemeteries, where there are no living descendants in the vicinity to make the discovery and report it, and unfortunately, most casual observers "don't want to get involved" by notifying authorities.

Because there is usually so little evidence left at the scene, law enforcement agencies have little hope of apprehending these evil doers. About the only possibility of tracing these criminals is to discover gravestones or other burial artifacts, in their possession and with this in mind I am reprinting a directive from Nevada City, California:

\$150 REWARD HAVE YOU SEEN THIS TOMBSTONE?

This monument, about 27 inches tall, has two sides. The reverse side reads: "Our Darling—Cora May—Died June 23, 1877—They sweetly sleep."

The reward will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of those who stole it from the Historic Pioneer Cemetery at Red Dog, Nevada County, California. The theft occured about the first week of January, 1970.

The monument marked the graves and sad memories—of two of the first children of Thomas P. Blue and his wife, Philinda.

The 2-year-old baby, Guy, died of a "scald" from a kettle of boiling liquid. His little sister took sick and died on a trip to the East and her little body was brought back West for burial in the

family plot. Anyone with information regarding the stolen tombstone contact the Nevada County Sheriff's Department.



Rambling on Rocks by Glenn and Martha Vargas

THE USE of turquoise as a gem antedates written history. The turquoise of the Old World originated in the deserts of the Middle East, and is still mined in Iran, formerly called Persia. The turquoise is still known as Persian material. Some of this is the finest to be found anywhere. New World turquoise was probably in use before that of the Old World. The Incas and Aztecs, and some of the civilizations that predated them, used the gem for inlaying ornaments and other objects of art. Many of the world's museums contain excellent examples of the fine workmanship, and photographs of some of these objects appear at times in books and periodicals.

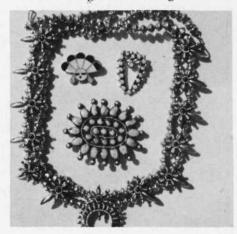
The interesting part of the story of the New World turquoise is that the only known possible source of the material used by the ancients is our own desert southwest. The first mines worked were probably in what is now New Mexico. As the use of the gem increased, and the demand became greater, mines were opened in areas now occupied by Arizona, Nevada and California. Some of the mines now producing turquoise were "discovered" in recent times as preworked tunnels and shafts. Some contained ancient stone and wood tools and other signs of mining operations.

The method of mining was evidently very crude, as evidenced by the crude tools left behind by the operators. The basis of the mining operation in most mines was to build a fire around the desired seam and then quench the overheated rocks with water. This made small cracks that could then be opened with their tools. Undoubtedly, the turquoise was somewhat cracked in the quenching process, but as small gems were usually the end product, this probably did not

create a problem. The problem of shaping and polishing the larger pieces that must have appeared from time to time was probably much more vexing.

It is not definitely established just who worked the ancient mines, but it appears reasonable it was not the South American peoples who used the gems. This conclusion is based on the fact that nearly all tribes of American aborigines exercised territorial rights and usually would not allow parties of another tribe to cross their lands. Some type of trade flourished between nearly all adjoining tribes of these peoples, thus it is logical to assume that turquoise was traded southward.

The ramifications of the process must have been most interesting when one ponders the situation. The Indians who lived in the regions containing the mines



probably became miners because of the demand for the beautiful blue stone. They needed something from the province or provinces to the south, so the rough material was bartered in that direction. This trade must have been repeated many times before the turquoise reached its final destination. It is very doubtful that an emissary could have done the mining, or made the original trade, and then transported the stone southward. To carry out such an operation, the emissary might have had to pay tribute every time he crossed the border.

All that would have been necessary to start the trading process would be to convince individuals along the route the material had value to the south, and the flow would start. This was probably facilitated by the beauty of the material. Turquoise is one of the few gem materials that is nearly as beautiful in the rough as it is in the finished form. It certainly would be much easier to start a flow of trade with a beautiful rock, rather than

one that was drab, but later would finish into a beautiful gem.

How the rough material was fashioned into gems is probably not completely known, but various known tools and present cutting methods among primitive peoples give us clues to complete the story. Turquoise is a fairly soft material, about 5 to 6 in hardness on a scale of 10. Sand, being composed of quartz which is 7, has been used to shape materials such as turquoise. Sandstone, sand cemented into a rock, could easily have been used to shape gems of almost any reasonable form. The use of other slightly porous stone of about 7 in hardness, and having a smooth surface, would tend to smooth and even polish the gem. This type of gem cutting is very crude and time consuming, but it undoubtedly was the only obvious method open to these peoples.

In some parts of the world today, primitive and even civilized peoples are fashioning gems with methods that are not much more highly refined. The lack of a high lusterous polish probably did not perturb the ancients, as the material was very colorful to begin with, and any shaping or smoothing was a decided improvement. A high lusterous polish was undoubtedly unknown to them, so the usual results must have been satisfactory.

The present advanced art of the American Indian in his use of turquoise is considered by some to be a remnant of the original art of the ancients. There is disagreement on this, and the matter needs further ethnological investigation. It is interesting to note, however, the present use of turquoise by the Indians of the southwest does not demand a perfectly cut, highly polished gem. Whether or not the present art is a remnant of the original art, the present craftsmen feel that color, pattern, and an intriguing shape are the most important features of a turquoise gem. If it is difficult to polish a gem of this type, then polish becomes secondary.

This type of elastic thinking allows for a full expression of the art, both in the cutting of the gem, and its incorporation into a piece of jewelry. The ancients took the same course; that of making the most of what was at hand, and were not bound by inflexible tradition that demanded something that could be attained only on infrequent intervals.



Erle Stanley Gardner

What kind of man was Erle Stanley Gardner?

To mystery fans he was the creator of Perry Mason and other fiction books which were translated into 30 languages and dialects of which more than 170 million sold in the United States alone.

To the judges of northern California from 1911 to 1916 he was a dynamic trial lawyer who defended the penniless and friendless—especially the Mexicans and Chinese.

To the unjustly imprisoned he was the originator of the Court of Last Resort through whose tireless efforts scores of innocent prisoners were paroled.

To convicts he was a champion of prison reform and rehabilitation.

To law enforcement officers he was a friend, authority and counselor on forensic medicine, criminology and scientific methods of law enforcement.

To those who read his exciting books on the desert and Baja California and articles on his expeditions in this magazine he was an adventurer and archeologist, probing into the little-known areas of the West.

To the people of Baja California he was a patron saint, bringing them food, clothing and supplies—not as a gratuity or handout, but as an expression of his appreciation for their accepting him into their homes and hearts.

To Erle Stanley Gardner he was a "storyteller" who resigned from his law practice "to search for more color in life." Ironically, after setting a writing pace unmatched by any other author, he had to ask himself: "Why does a man become a slave to the very thing he hoped would set him free?"

To his intimate friends and back country associates, he was "Uncle Erle"—a tireless explorer who always wanted to know what was around the next desert wash or over the next mountain . . . a man who instilled excitement with a sense of adventure in others . . . a man of deep compassion with a sense of individual dignity . . . a man who never lost his sense of humor nor degraded his fellow man . . . a man who had a natural and simple love for children and animals and who, in turn, was loved by them.

Uncle Erle's greatest pleasure was sitting around an open campfire at night, telling stories and listening to others and then falling asleep under the stars. He will no longer physically see those stars for the body of Erle Stanley Gardner died on March 11, 1970.

But for those of us who have a greater physical and spiritual freedom as a result of having known Erle Stanley Gardner, he is not dead—his compassion, sense of humor and love of his fellow man will live long after we ourselves have told our last story under the desert stars.—JACK PEPPER.

Book Reviews by Jack Pepper

BAJA CALIFORNIA

By Cliff Cross

For many years Cliff Cross has published and brought up to date an excellent guide to the mainland entitled Mexico, Auto, Camper and Trailer Guide.

After several years of research and personal investigation in this "last frontier" land, he has published a similar guide for Baja California. "Baja" is a Spanish word meaning "lower." Like his book on the mainland, his new guide is well illustrated and has excellent detailed maps of the villages and bays along the 1000-mile route from the Mexican border to the tip of Baja.

Approximately 800 miles of this route is unpaved and should only be traveled with high-clearance traction vehicles or four-wheel-drive rigs. Volkswagens and some high-clearance passenger cars do make the trip, but the drivers are veterans of desert driving and evidently do not mind a broken axle or loss of an oil pan.

In addition to travel information, Cross gives the best fishing spots and a history of the areas. I have long said the only guide book to Baja is Gerhard and Gulick's Lower California Guide Book. I now recommend anyone going to Baja should also include Cross's new book. Armed with both books, you can't miss the roads—and can't miss having the time of your life.

Large format, well illustrated, heavy paperback, 170 pages, \$3.50.

LOST LEGENDS OF THE WEST

By Brad Williams and Choral Pepper

All historians are not agreed it was Horace Greeley who advised young men to "go West." Regardless of the advice—which again may or may not have been wise—the "West" meant a geographical area of the United States.

When authors today write about the (Continued on Page 34)

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA by the Editors of Sunset Books. An illustrated guide to Southern California, this is another in Sunset Books series. It presents in capsule form most of the interesting places to visit in the Southland. Heavy paperback, 8 x 11 format, 128 pages, \$1.95.

GUIDE FOR INSULATOR COLLECTORS by John C. Tibbitts. This is the third and final book on insulators by veteran bottle collector John Tibbitts. This third book has a revised price list and index to insulators described in the previous two volumes. However, each volume describes insulators not shown in the other books, so for a complete roundup of all insulators, all three volumes are needed. Books are paperback, averaging 120 pages, illustrated with artists drawings, \$3.00 EACH. WHEN ORDERING BE SURE TO STATE VOLUME NUMBER: ONE, TWO or THREE.

BODIE: GHOST TOWN 1968 by Thomas W. Moore. This book could very well be titled Ghost Town, U.S.A. for the author-photographer has captured the moods of the past and present of Bodie, typical of the hundreds of the once boisterous mining camps of the West. His imaginative text and outstanding four-color and black and white photographs make this an important volume in Western Americana collections. Large 9 x 12 format, full-page photographs on quality paper, hardcover, \$8.50.

CALIFORNIA, A Guide to the Golden State. Edited by Harry Hansen and newly revised, it contains an encyclopedia of facts from early days up to the Space Age. Mile by mile descriptions to camping spots and commercial accommodations. Maps. Hardcover, \$8.95.

JEEP TRAILS TO COLORADO GHOST TOWNS by Robert L. Brown. An illustrated, detailed, informal history of life in the mining camps deep in Colorado Rockies. Fifty-eight towns are included the almost inaccessible mountain fastness of the as examples of the vigorous struggle for existence in the mining camps of the West. 239 pages, illustrated, end sheet map. Hardcover. \$5.50

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By the EDITORS OF SUNSET BOOKS
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MAMMALS OF DEEP CANYON by R. Mark Ryan. A study of the habits of more than 40 animals living in the Deep Canyon Research Area in the Colorado Desert. The site was selected because its ecology is typical of deserts throughout the world. Paperback, illustrated, 137 pages, \$2.95.

LOWER CALIFORNIA GUIDE BOOK by Gerhard and Gulick. The authors have revised the third edition to bring it up to date. Veteran travelers in Baja California would not venture south of the border without this authoritative volume. It combines the fascinating history of every location, whether it be a town, mission or abandoned ranch, with detailed mileage maps and locations of gasoline supplies, water and other needed information on Baja. 243 pages with three-color folded map, 16 detailed route maps, 4 city maps, 22 illustrations. Hardcover \$6.50.

SUN, SAND AND SOLITUDE by Randall Henderson. For more than 50 years Randall Henderson has traveled across the deserts of the West until today he is known as the voice and prophet of this region of mystery, solitude and beauty. Founder of Desert Magazine in 1931, he has devoted his life to understanding the great outdoors. His second and latest book is a culmination of his experiences, thoughts and philosophy. Hardcover, deluxe format, deckle-edged paper, 16 pages full color, excellent illustrations, \$7.95.

EXPLORING CALIFORNIA BYWAYS — DESERT COUNTRY by Russ Leadabrand. The author takes you on 11 trips through the desert country of California, including both passenger car and four-wheel-drive excursions. An excellent and authoratative writer, he also brings in historical background. This is Volume Three. Volume One covers the Kings Canyon to the Mexican Border and Volume Two, trips around Los Angeles. All are paperback, well illustrated with photos and detailed maps. Each book is \$1.95. WHEN ORDERING BE CERTAIN TO STATE VOLUME NUMBER: ONE, TWO or THREE.

MINES OF DEATH VALLEY by L. Burr Belden. About fabulous bonanzas, prospectors and lost mines. Paperback. \$1.95.

ANZA-BORREGO DESERT GUIDE by Horace Parker. Third edition of this well-illustrated and documented book is enlarged considerably. Tops among guidebooks, it is equally recommended for research material in an area that was crossed by Anza, Kit Carson, the Mormon Battalion, '49ers, Railroad Survey parties, Pegleg Smith, the Jackass Mail, Butterfield Stage, and today's adventurous tourists. 139 pages, cardboard cover, \$3.50.

BAJA CALIFORNIA by Joseph Wood Krutch, Photographs by Eliot Porter. Baja California is the stage selected by the author and photographer to present their moving and graphic appeal to keep certain areas of the world in their natural state so man can continue to have the time and place to find peace in a silent world. Heavy paperback, 73 four-color photographs, 160 pages, \$3.95.

HISTORY OF THE SIERRA NEVADA by Francis P. Farquharn. A lively history of the Spaniards, Argonauts, pioneers, military troops and railroad builders who conquered the rugged Sierra Nevada Mountains which formed an early-day 400-mile-long barrier along the California and Nevada border. Paperback, illustrated, 262 pages, \$2.65.

THE CAHUILLA INDIANS by Harry James. A comparatively small and little known tribe, the Cahuilla Indians played an important part in the early settlement of Southern California. Today the Cahuilla Indians are active in social and civic affairs in Riverside County and own valuable property in and around Palm Springs. Long out of print, this revised edition is the only authentic and complete history of these native Americans. Hardcover, illustrated, 185 pages, \$7.50.

30,000 MILES IN MEXICO by Nell Murbarger. Joyous adventures of a trip by pick-up camper made by two women from Tijuana to Guatemala. Folksy and entertaining, as well as instructive to others who might make the trip. Hardcover, 309 pages, \$6.00.

100 ROADSIDE FLOWERS by Natt N. Dodge. A companion book to his 100 DESERT WILDFLOW-ERS, this book lists 100 flowers growing in the 4,500 to 7,000 foot levels. Like the companion book, every flower is illustrated in 4-color photographs. Excellent to carry in car during weekend trips for family fun. Paperback, 64 pages, \$1.50.

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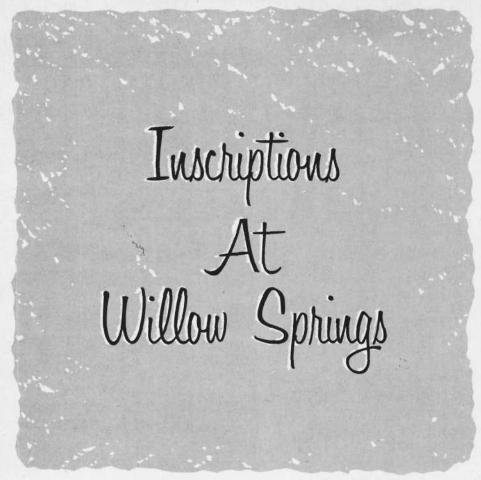
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A WILLOW SPRINGS, 17 miles north of Cameron, Arizona, there are approximately 100 signatures legible on old tablets of rock along a narrow canyon trail on which pioneers inscribed their names and the dates of their visits from 1873 to 1890.

Some chiseled their signatures roughly, indicating a minimum of time in which to stop, rest and sign before moving ahead. Many carved their autographs carefully, suggesting a longer stay for making deft cuts in the rock. A few artfully carved their names revealing extra leisure for aesthetic expression.

Although just a small stream seeping out of the rocky hillside, Willow Springs had undoubtedly served a number of people passing through the north-central Arizona desert. The spring was one of the few watering places between the Little and the Colorado Rivers. Even prehistoric man paused and pecked his symbol into the ancient ledgers.

It was a spring day when we found ourselves speculating on these inscriptions along the rising, ruddy-colored walls hemming in Willow Springs. We had found the chiseled signatures by accident while searching throughout that by Mildred Hooper

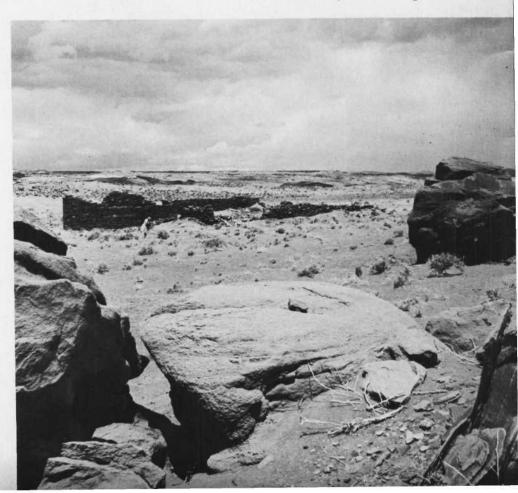
morning for prehistoric petroglyphs at the base of northern Arizona's Echo Cliffs.

Other evidences suggested more of the significance of Willow Springs. An eroded trail, indented with deep ruts, suggested the passage of many covered wagons. And an old tire iron planted at the side of a bridge gulley marked a preferable route over which the wagons could pass.

Several hundreds yards from the rock inscriptions were the crumbling ruins of an old rock building. Carved under an overhanging rock in the canyon was the phrase: "OH THAT MEN WOULD PRAISE THE LORD FOR HIS GOODNESS AND FOR HIS WONDERFUL WORKS."

We were eager to learn who the people were who had stopped at Willow Springs. Why had they traveled through such desolate, primitive territory? Did these people of obvious fortitude accomplish their mission? It took us a year to finally find an answer to our questions.

Our quest for information began at a nearby hogan. English-speaking Navajos had passed the inscriptions many times but knew nothing of their origin. Next



we visited the old Mormon graveyard in Tuba City, a few miles away. Several proper names on the tombstones corresponded to those names at Willow Springs.

The Mormon Geneological Branch Library in Mesa, Arizona directed us to Jesse Nelson Perkins III and his sister and family historian, Mrs. Rhoda Perkins Wakefield. In their Mesa home the Willow Springs story was revealed.

Perkins and his sister were amazed to learn the signatures of four Perkinses on the walls at Willow Springs were those of their father and of three of their uncles.

Mrs. Wakefield produced an unpublished journal recorded by a fourth uncle, Brigham Young Perkins. It described the first Mormon migration southward from Utah into Arizona. The route was by the way of Willow Springs. Some of the names and dates tallied with inscriptions on the "ledgers."

Recalling the story which had been told to her, Mrs. Wakefield said, "Brigham Young called about 100 missionaries to Salt Lake City. They met in the old tabernacle where Young asked the men to make settlements on the Little Colorado River and its tributaries."

(Continued on Page 36)



Ruins of the old combined fort and trading post are seen in center. Wagon trail from Lee's Ferry followed along base of Echo Cliffs in background. Photo by C. R. Hooper.

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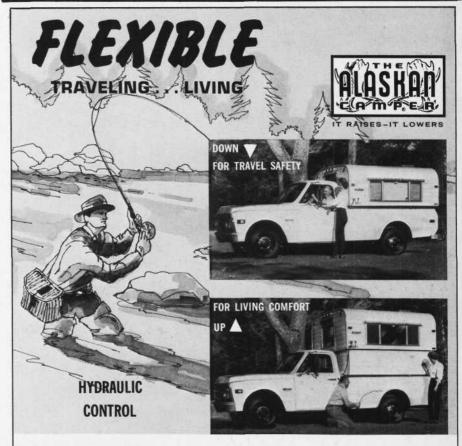
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DESERT HANGAO

WHEN IT comes to desert living with the least work, *Macrotus* ("big ears") californicus, the California Leaf-Nosed Bat really has the system.

This fellow is a dweller in caves and deserted mine tunnels; in grottos, in covered recesses under big bridge spans. None of the usual bat style squeezing into cracks and crevices or creeping under house shingles for him. He likes elbow room — a cavity large enough to fly around in and a good big ceiling area to look over for a roosting spot.

For *Macrotus* is a hanger-upper—a genus who goes soundly asleep dangling head down hung up by the claws of the hind feet, or if he feels like it, by only one foot. Hung up nearby are friends and relations, each spaced apart from the other. These bats like company and plenty of it, but being individualists, they keep their roosting distance.

Now cave and grotto and old mine living is just the thing for desert locations, for inside such places the temperature is cool in summer (84 F inside, 110 in the shade outside) and moderate in winter. Congregating thus simplifies social problems, proximity removing the need for long wooing safaris. So the old population rolls along with the minimum of effort.

Pendant hanging takes a bit of doing since the foothold must be secure, yet the body is relaxed, permitting the bat to rest not only during the summer days, but during the months of torpid inactivity during winter.

So how does Mac do it? Biologist Vaughan set about finding out. Using high speed photography plus a lot of hard anatomical work on bones and muscles,

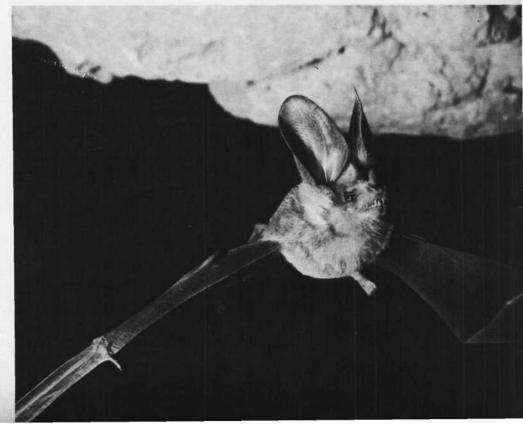
he produced findings that not only made his study a classic, but pointed out this bat's great efficiency for desert living.

Take coming in for a landing, for example. This entails a remarkable performance, for Mac has to do a precision job of parking among other parked bats, and it takes a real sense of distance and judgment of speed, plus flight mastery. Zooming in on the level to within a few inches of the ceiling, he makes a sudden sharp upward swoop, a fancy half-roll, a reach with the hind feet, and the claws connect, gripping the ceiling. A bit of wing folding, and he's set.

He actually lands at a good clip, yet the shock problem is neatly handled by body shock absorbers. These consist of especially big muscles that double up the rear of his body, pulling the pelvis forward as he lands, curving that section of the backbone and bracing it with a firm but elastic hold. The impact blow travels up his legs through his pelvis, loses force in the elastically arched back, and is absorbed finally in the muscles.

The claws themselves make the most of the slightest roughness in the ceiling because they are so strongly hooked. Even when the bat is sound asleep, this grip is maintained by muscles in his legs which extend the feet, holding the toes firmly against the ceiling. The claws can't slip.

Old Mac, hanging head downwards, wings loosely folded, may let go with one foot, and using his toenails, carefully



by K. L. Boynton
© 1970

comb his fur, neating up here and there before relaxing completely and drifting off to sleep the hot day hours away.

Belonging to the brotherhood of nighttime operators, these leaf-nosed bats (so called because of folds of naked skin decorating that portion of their faces) emerge around an hour after sunset, coming out a few at a time. Take-off from the roost is done without jostling the neighbors, simply by letting go of the ceiling, dropping in a downward swoop, and straightening into a level flight.

The foraging system usual to insecteating bats is a fast flight, erratic and high, whereby insects are caught on the wing. Thanks to a built-in radar system developed millions of years ago, bats

The fierce little face of the leaf-nosed bat (above) and the dramatic photo of the bat in flight (left) were captured on film by L. D. Schooler in Blythe, California.

utilize sound waves to avoid hitting obstacles. As the bat flies, he emits a series of high pitched cries. These sound waves travel out, bounce off objects and return to be heard again by the bat in time to sheer off. Keen hearing is a necessity, and Mac has it not only in his big sensitive ears, but also in especially well developed brain centers devoted to receiving sound information and acting quickly upon it.

But he puts his bat equipment to use in his own way in food foraging, a way particularly suited to his desert environment, and one that gets big food results, yet involves him in little work. Zoologist Huey, checking stomach contents in his investigation of the food habits of these bats, found to his astonishment almost entirely ground beetles, caterpillars and various insects that can't fly at all, and insects such as grasshoppers, butterflies and dragonflies that rest in foliage at night, being daytime flyers.

So, he concluded, Mac must help himself to beetles and the like as these insects crawl about bare ground at night, and he must also hunt through the scraggly desert shrubs for poorly hidden sleeping insects. Such conduct, obviously, is offbeat in bat circles.

And indeed, Huey was right, as Vaughan's study showed, for while other

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ZIP CODE YOUR MAIL FOR FASTER SERVICE bats zoom around upstairs, Mac is low flying, never more than 10 feet off the ground, and when actively foraging, only 3 feet or less above it.

He thus ends up with a more selective diet: a few big insects rather than the thousands of tiny ones scooped up by the high flying bats. But big ones fill stomachs faster. Foraging less than two hours total time, he has time to spare for loafing and resting.

Mac makes his capture with his mouth, also using the skin between his legs and tail spread open to form a kind of basket to help hold the insect while he gets a better tooth hold. Finding a secluded spot, he hangs himself up by a foot, and proceeds to dine, discarding the tough parts and eating only the choice pieces. Equipped with many small teeth in both jaws, and with molars whose sharp points

are especially good at cutting up hard shelled insects, he does a thorough job. Then, off for the next course.

Because business is so good in the immediate environs, his hunting range is small, no long flying necessary. His night's work seems to involve two main periods of dining: one early in the evening followed by hours of night loafing, and the second feeding an hour or so before sunrise. Thus his stomach is well filled just before he retires to the day-time roost in the home cave or tunnel.

Key to success in Mac's style of foraging is a low, easy maneuverable flight. Like all bats, Mac has wings made of skin stretched between the bones of his fingers. The thumb itself is short with a hooked nail; the other fingers are enormously lengthened and spread out to make a supporting framework that is at once very strong and very moveable. The wing membrane goes on up the arm to the body and back to the legs. In most species, Mac's included, there is a stretch of it between the legs and tail.

Short and broad with a big surface, Mac's wings are designed for extra maneuverability, and are excellent for low speed flight. His wings can beat in the many different angles demanded by his twisting, turning maneuvers because of an unusual amount of movement in his arm bones. Outsized muscles that raise the wings and turn the arm bones are divided into two parts in this bat, and attached differently, which not only greatly increases the range of wing action in his species, but allow greater precision control.

In addition, this fellow can actually hover, flying upward only strongly enough to balance gravity pull. Almost vertical in the air, his tail membrane spread for lift, and his wings moving in fast tiny beats, he can hang in the air for several seconds at a time—just the thing for locating insects tramping around on the ground or half hidden in desert vegetation.

Sooner or later scientists get around to looking into the domestic affairs of animals, and Zoologist Bradshaw, taking up the matter with bats living in a old mine tunnel near Silverbell, Arizona, found some unusual and interesting facts. Geared to the business of living their style, California Leaf-Nosed reproduction is an-



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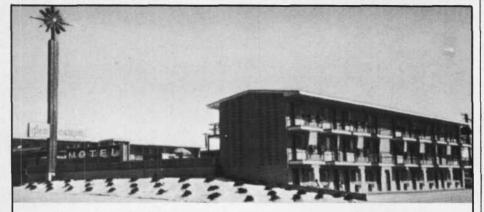
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other reason for their easy life as desert dwelling bats.

It seems that while Leaf-Noses occupied the tunnel in considerable numbers, the gents in the spring and early summer live in small groups in quiet bachelor quarters, away from the noisy females and young. Come July and August, the males begin physiologically to prepare for the coming season, being ready, willing and able by September, at which time they rejoin the ladies.

The whole bat community is now congregated in one happy group, and put in some three months of socializing. By the end of November, fertilization has taken place, embryos started to form.

But winter is practically here at this point and this is no time for young bats to be born. So what happens is "delayed development" wherein few cells are actually added to the embryo during the winter. Probably the female's low temperature during cold weather torpidity slows down the process.

By March, however, the tempo picks up. The embryo develops at a good rate during April and May when the bats are out and active, and by June, the youngsters are on the scene. Counted backwards as is the wont at such times, it is seen that the total gestation period of Mac's kind is about 8 months. But due to this stalling around, the work can be accomplished early, development well started while the bats are out of circulation, and the young born at the most favorable time of year. Simple and easy, this system is also a big advantage in desert living.

Care of the youngsters is kept simple, too. They arrive well formed at birth with milk teeth, which sharp and recurved are used together with claws for hanging onto Ma's fur during the first few days. After this, the young are hung up on the ceiling by themselves. They live on their mother's milk for about a month at the end of which time their permanent teeth are in. They can now go catch their own insects, and so cease to be a bother to the old folks.

What with housing problems solved, food finding made easy even under harsh environmental conditions, and family responsibility kept to a minimum, no wonder California Leaf-Noses are such successful desert bats. They really have it made.

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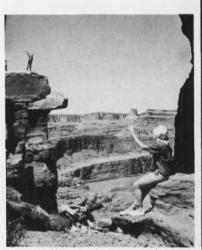
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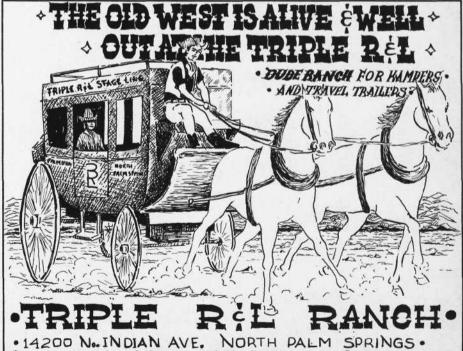
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Lake Powell Adventure

by Jack Pepper

As I STOOD on a ledge 75 feet below the surface of Lake Powell and peered into a giant cave I wondered if this might be one of the crevices explored by John Wesley Powell during his famous Colorado River trip a century ago.

My underwater exploration of this giant man-made lake on the Arizona-Utah border was three years ago when I used SCUBA underwater gear to search—before the rising waters of Lake Powell became too deep—for inscriptions made by Major Powell.

I was not exactly looking for a needle in a haystack, since my guide was Earl Johnson, veteran river-runner, who had photographed some of the Powell markings before they were covered with water. Despite Earl's pinpointing the site from the surface and the excellent underwater visibility, swift currents defeated my attempted discovery.

Last fall I returned to Lake Powell for a four-day surface exploration and fishing trip. The ledge on which I stood three years previously was more than 200 feet below the surface and thus now is explored only by catfish and bass,

When Major Powell led the first organized expedition of white men down the Green and Colorado Rivers in 1869 to gather scientific data, the one-armed explorer did not dream that less than one hundred years later the \$325,000,000 Glen Canyon Dam would tame the turbulent river and create one of the largest man-made lakes in the world.

Started in 1963 and dedicated in 1967, the 710-foot high concrete structure backs up the Colorado River waters which have gradually inundated the canyonlands between Utah and Arizona, creating a lake 186 miles long with 1800 miles of shore line in which there is nine trillion gallons of water—and hundreds of thousands of hungry fish just waiting for a lure.

Although I had fished Lake Powell and had been overwhelmed by its indescribable beauty on several prior occasions, it had been in large boats with other people. This time I decided to use a 19-foot inboard so I could explore the hundreds of small canyons and tributaries, many of which had never been seen by white man until the encroaching waters of the lake made it possible to get into the isolated areas.

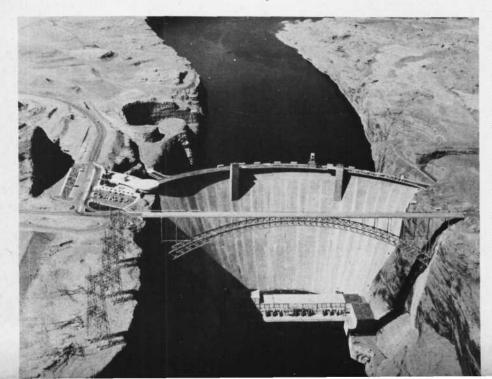
It took only two days of easy driving to tow my 19-foot Donzie the 600 miles from Palm Desert, California to Page, Arizona—a delightful community which overlooks the dam and offers complete services to visitors and tourists.

My trip took me through Flagstaff, Arizona and across the western section of the Navajo Indian Reservation where I stopped at several Indian trading posts.

For those living in the Los Angeles and central California areas another route of about the same distance is Interstate 15 through Las Vegas, Nevada to St. George, Utah where good paved roads connect U. S. 89 to Page. This scenic route takes you through Kanab, Utah and the colorful Vermillion Cliffs.

From Page, I drove across the Glen Canyon Bridge, the world's highest steel arch span from which you have a spectacular view of Lake Powell on the north and the Colorado River on the south side. On the west end of the bridge is the Visitors Center for the Glen Canyon Recreation Area of the National Park Service. Information on the lake and tours through the dam can be obtained here.

As I drove the last few miles to the Wahweap Lodge and Marina along the top of the Wingate Sandstone cliffs above the lake I stopped to photograph the sunset. The contrast of a myriad of blue, yellow, green and red colors caused my light meter to act like a beserk computer.



Glen Canyon Dam holds back Colorado River to form Lake Powell. Highway bridge across river in foreground.





Wahweap Marina with Lodge and camping areas in background.

Finally, I gave up and quietly enjoyed · the south end of Lake Powell. It consists Nature's kaleidoscope. of the Lodge with more more than 100

I arrived at the Wahweap Lodge in time to have dinner with Art Greene, founder and president of Wahweap Canyon Tours, and Harry Goulding, his cousin and founder of Goulding's Trading Post and Lodge in Monument Valley.

Born and raised in the West, these two pioneers grew up in the Navajo country as ranchers, traders, river-runners and successful businessmen. Today, they are semi-retired, devoting their time to the Navajo Indians. The lives of these two men and the part they played in the development of Arizona and Utah would fill several volumes.

The Wahweap Lodge and Marina is a complete resort community overlooking

the south end of Lake Powell. It consists of the Lodge with more more than 100 rooms and suites, a motel on the highway above, plus trailer and mobile home sites for overnight, weekly or monthly stays. The lodge has a gift shop, drug store, an Indian trading post and cocktail bar and restaurant. Prices are exceptionally reasonable.

In the same area is a trailer and camper site administered by the National Park Service for overnight and weekly accommodations. The Park Service also maintains the free cement launching ramp which will handle boats of any size. Adjoining the ramp is the Wahweap Marina and Canyon Tours which has a complete supply of marine and camping goods, rental boats, including houseboats, and

provides one-day and overnight boat excursions to Rainbow Bridge and other parts of Lake Powell.

From the marina, Lake Powell serpentines 186 miles through some of the most spectacular scenery I have ever seen. The colors of the rock layers, which centuries ago were under a vast inland sea, vary from brilliant reds to a myriad of pastels whose depth of color changes from sunrise to sunset.

The layers of Navajo, Carmel, Wingate and Entrada Sandstone, streaked with manganese seepage, are made even more brilliant by the contrasts of the blue and green waters of the lake. The only way to capture this color on film is to use different filters, hold your breath and bracket. I usually close down a half or full stop under my light meter reading . . . but I still bracket up and down.

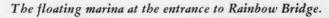
To capture the true color of Lake Powell and comprehend the vastness of this aquatic wonderland and its surrounding mesas and monoliths, you should see it both from the water and the air—where you will see how insignificant you are in relation to Nature and, once on the lake, all the canyons you want to explore.

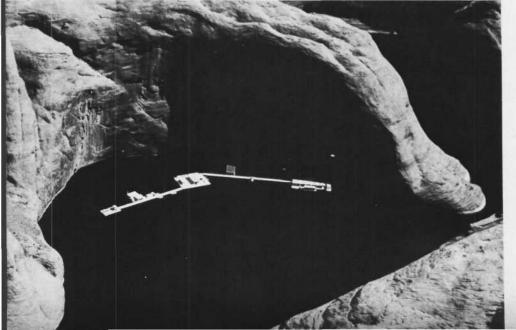
So the next morning, after putting my boat in the water and getting my camping gear boat-shape, I drove back to Page and the airport.

I was greeted by Royce Knight, owner and operator of Page Aviation, whom I first met in 1964 when he flew me over the Colorado when it was just forming Lake Powell. A veteran aviator and a "photographer's pilot," Royce knows how to bank a plane at the right height and how to keep the sun at the best angle.

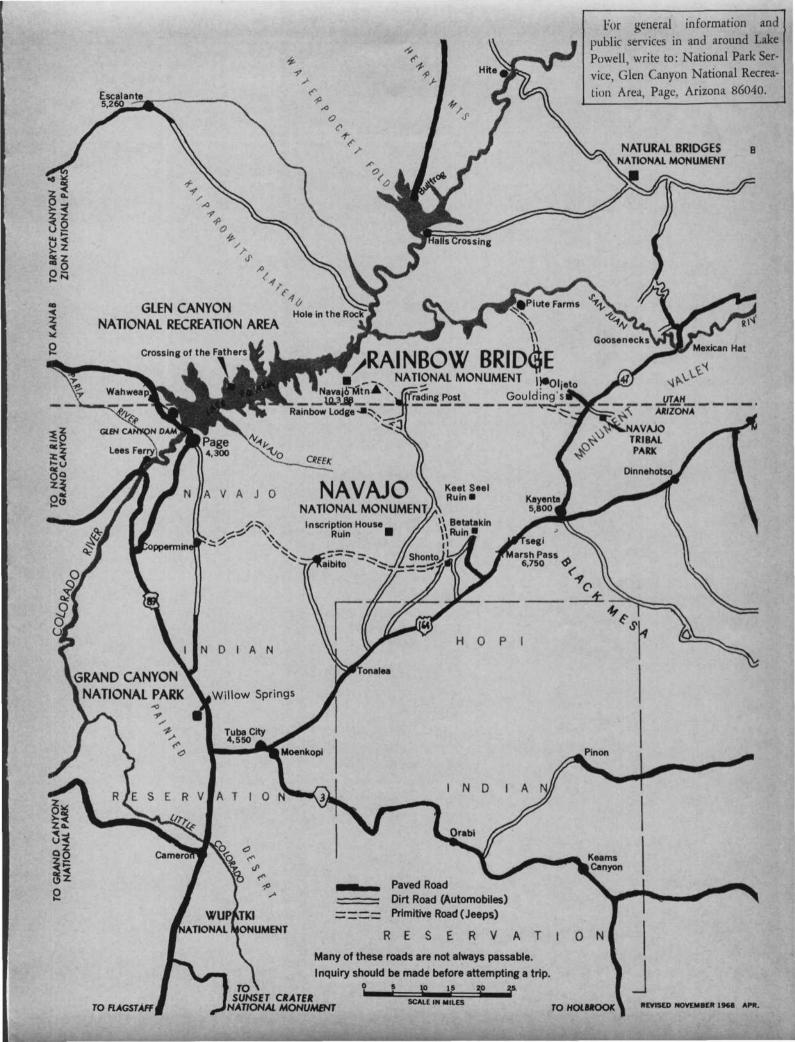
Royce runs scenic flights over Utah and Arizona for individuals or family groups. His prices are very reasonable and more than worth the fantastic geographical picture you get from seeing this part of America from the air.

Two hours after takeoff and with four rolls of exposed color and black and white film on which I recorded several natural bridges, including the famous Rainbow Bridge, and the water-filled canyons where prehistoric Indians once lived, I was back at the marina and headed for the giant lake which only an hour earlier had appeared as a slender blue-colored pendant from 1000 feet above.





(Continued on Page 38)



SPANISH GOLD

Is the legend of the "Old Spanish Mine" in Utah's Henry Mountains true? Did Indian slaves revolt, slaying their Spanish masters, and then put a curse on those who sought the gold? Did a Yankee engineer find the mine only to die before he could reap the bonanza?

Every so often I panic, like a deer catching the scent of smoke, and take off for some spot as far as I can get from the raging fires of civilization. One of my favorite refuges is the Henry Mountains in southeastern Utah.

The Henrys have splendid subalpine meadows and cool grasslands reaching toward summits over two miles above sea level. Rich forests, yawning canyons, and wild cliff faces decorate shoulders of the five peaks. A trip through these scenic beauties stirs up many questions, for the Henrys are full of secrets.

Why do geologists say these peaks are

really volcanoes that never erupted? How can anyone tell the range is growing an inch a year? What made mapmakers so slow in finding the range? (Until 1878 they were merely known as the "Unknown Mountains.") Who were the early explorers purported to have found gold here and taken some back to Spain? Where is that fabled vein and when will it be found again?

For me, the Henry Mountains really begin 50 miles to the west. On a hilltop above Pleasant Creek, Lurt and Alice Knee have built their Sleeping Rainbow Guest Ranch. At the end of the day the



An educated Yankee engineer turned miner F. T. Wolverton, lived in this cabin (above) which he built in 1916 while digging for gold ore and constructing the mill (right) which he finished in 1928. Today the abandoned and isolated area of the Henry Mountains is visited by few people.



IN THE MENRYS

by Joyce Rockwood

sun colors the peak of Mount Ellen, and the breathtaking Alpenglo is seen through a frame of red sandstone.

On each visit to the Sleeping Rainbow something new turns up. Most recently it was an old mining mill Lurt had heard about, high on the slopes of Mount Pennell. One pleasant morning found a party of us heading out to find it. The desert scenery from the ranch to the foot of the Henrys is striking and rugged. Ranches or settlements of any kind are scattered and few. The one and only through road was blacktopped a very few years ago. A generation back, the distance we covered in an hour would have consumed several days. Four generations ago, there were neither roads nor travelers. Settlers first came in the 1870s.

Once past the great flat mesas which

serve as foothills, the road climbs quickly into a fresh, green world. Higher still, the panoramas widened, showing dramatic patterns in the corrugated terrain. There seemed no place for man in the vast rocky empire from the San Rafael Swell, south along the Waterpocket Fold, with volcanic-capped Thousand Lake and Boulder Mountains shouldering into the sky to the west in Utah's High Plateau Country.

Around a few more turns of the road we came on a herd of buffalo; some 50 bulls, cows and light brown calves. One big old fellow, with shaggy goatee and thick coat, ambled over to an open spot, rolled in the dust with a flourish of hooves and horns, and then shook himself. Lurt inched the car closer and we photographed them. But after a few shots they took alarm and went thundering down a slope.

At noon we found a lunch spot near a stream, deep in the forest with spruce, fir and yellow pine. When we were clear of the trees again and passing under the rocky abutment called The Horn, we could see storms brewing, moving in from more than one direction. For the rest of the day we played hide-and-seek with heavy rain clouds.

It was afternoon when we reached Coyote Benches and started up a littleused road along Straight Creek. At the end of the road were two small cabins in a clearing, used by miners when they work on mining claims.

The cabins were the first signs of man up here in the mountains and seeing them in this secret place brought a thrill of anticipation. Could we be coming close to the heart of the secret?

We hiked through an open forest, going steadily up with rocky pinnacles marking the head of the canyon under the peak of Mount Pennell. How many feet, we wondered, had followed this little trail which is wiped clean of footprints by each winter's snow?

Stories of early Spanish exploration in the Southwest indicate they went into more remote spots than written records show. Human bones, a date or name scratched in some unexpected place support the theory. The "Old Spanish Mine" in the Henrys is one of those mixtures of fact and fancy.

A long time ago, the tale goes, Spaniards were led to a rich vein of gold by Indian guides. The Spaniards were cruel taskmasters, branding the Indians, working them until they dropped. The natives rebelled, driving away any white men they failed to kill. The mine opening was closed and hidden. The medicine men cursed it, promising misfortune and death to anyone who found or revealed the vein.



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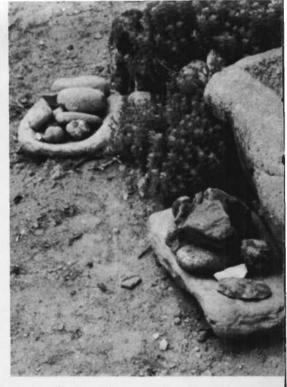
As the years passed, Indians told the story around their campfires, handing it down from one generation to another. Eventually white men returned to the region and heard the story. The search has gone on ever since. We had just decided that maybe it had been found and reworked when the trail brought us to the old Wolverton Mill. It is an amazing structure even though great slabs of shingled roof have broken off under the weight of snow and only parts of the building are left standing.

Still intact and so finely balanced, the 25-foot pine wheel stirs into motion at the push of a hand. It must have groaned and creaked at work. An ingeniously placed chamber for food was cooled by the breeze as the water dropped behind. Power was transferred by a masterfully engineered series of gears, arms, and bars to the huge grinding stone. When that moved slowly, round and round, the whole forest must have echoed to the rumble and shriek of ore being broken.

Wolverton built the mill almost singlehandedly. He cut and dragged big pines into place on his own back, using a shoulder harness. The marks of his ax are on the stripped wood. Wood was shaped and fitted to make the strong wheels, then bolted and hung in position. It looks like the work of some giant.

E. T. Wolverton, a Yankee, brought his family to Utah in 1900. He was an engineer, versatile, capable and untiring. He developed a ranch near Green River, built boats and operated them on the Green and Colorado Rivers, hauling manganese, copper, iron, deer hunters, fishermen and tourists. He was a literate man and wrote papers on his research into Legends, Traditions, and Early History of the Henry Mountains. He knew the stories of the old mine.

Soon after coming into the region, Wolverton prospected in the mountains. He found the aftermath of the gold rush of 1890 when a little boom town, Eagle City, flourished briefly. Only a few old-timers were left, trying to support themselves with panning. There were claims over on Straight Creek where he wanted to file his claims, He had to wait until 1916 before they were clear. Then he began the tremendous task which was to occupy him for the rest of his life; establishing a mill, building roads, pros-



pecting, digging the ore, and getting the gold to market. World War I made supplies, money and workers almost impossible to get, so he worked alone.

He lived in a tiny cabin near the mill. Today it is empty of all but a bed frame, a simple table, cupboard, and a little fireplace. There he wrote in his diary on July 12, 1921: "Raining again this morning, a still, quiet rain. Have only heard thunder once since daylight. Had lunch at 12 and then went up to the top of Rico Hill taking samples from 500 feet east of camp to the top of the hill.

"July 13. Rested well last night but am rather sore this morning. Clouds assembling again this morning. Have about 50 samples to test. Some of them must be broken and one part burned and then panned and the other part panned in its natural state. Have done a lot of panning. Have prospected the hillside from the cabin to the top of Rico Hill. There is easily 2000 tons of ore on the hillside which will pay to mill. This ore will run from \$5.00 to several hundred per ton. It should average \$15.00 and \$25.00 according to my panning. I am tired tonight, this climbing at this altitude is hard on me. I have about 40# of samples to pan in the morning." The next day he prospected, looking for the Manzanita workings, which he failed to locate. "... on my way back I found an old Mexican mortar."

Still alone, Wolverton was injured in a fall from his horse. Friends from Hanksville coming to check on him,



found him very ill and took him out of the mountains to a hospital. A necessary operation was successful but he contracted pneumonia and died.

His claims are in other hands, the mill deteriorates more each year, and the "Old Spanish Mine" keeps its secret. There are no Indians left to claim that the curse has worked once again. Through the years a series of attempts to defy it have failed.

One very colorful story begins in the 1860s shortly after the Civil War. A soldier-miner, working his way west, blundered into the "Unknown Mountains" and stumbled on the rich mine. After getting a few samples he was driven off minus horse and pack animals, his supplies and tools. When he reached a town to the southwest and had the samples tested, they found him a partner. With a local guide the two went back for a second try. Making sure the guide did not see the actual mine, the men loaded up several pack animals. The guide buried his shovel and pick-ax near a tree and they started down the mountain, heading west through the desert to Rabbit Valley. Thirst drove the miners, in spite of the guide's warnings, to drink tainted water. Both men became ill, the soldier dying after they reached town and his partner within the year. Much later the guide led a party back to the spot. He found the tools but no gold.

Wolverton's "old Mexican mortar" is a heavy, solid fact. It sits now among succulents and Indian artifacts in the

Does this "Mexican mortar" found near the Woverton Mill and supposedly used to smash gold ore indicate the legend of the "Old Spanish Mine" is true?

Hunt garden at Hanksville, Utah. It measures 35 inches in length, 9 inches high, with a width from 12 to 17 inches. A deep groove down the center holds the hand stone with finger holes. This type of mortar was used to grind small samples of very rich ore. Weighing over 100 pounds it is not something the average prospector would carry in his backpack.

Another solid fact is the finding of two piles of gold beside the skeleton of a mule, when Fremont passed through the region on his last western expedition in 1848. The actual route an early expedition might have used can be pointed out from Coyote Benches, at the mouth of Straight Creek Canyon. With field glasses, pointed to the northeast, I could make out clearly the cut of Sunset Pass in the Orange Cliffs.

In 1956 Lurt Knee led a party of us through that pass. We went on north, following the bench between the Orange Cliffs and the rim of Cataract Canyon on the Colorado River. We had to make our own road for the last 20 miles to take our four-wheel-drive jeep as it was the first car ever to penetrate into Standing Rock Basin. The next day we hiked down a very old trail toward the big river. An emerald-green meadow in a curve of canyon walls is marked on USGS maps as "Spanish Bottoms." Down the talus slope along the trail we found a beautiful set of stone steps. Not on the map because they have been "lost" several times, they are known to old-timers as "The Spanish Steps," sign posts along the earliest trade route from Sante Fe, New Mexico to Los Angeles, California. No one knows how long the steps have been there. They may well have carried gold to Spain from the old mine on Straight Creek.

Perhaps science will someday develop a recording instrument sensitive enough to give back words heard by rocks and walls. Then the Wolverton Mill will speak with the voice of its builder to tell of his great dream and perchance the old Mexican mortar will divulge at last the secret of the Spanish gold.







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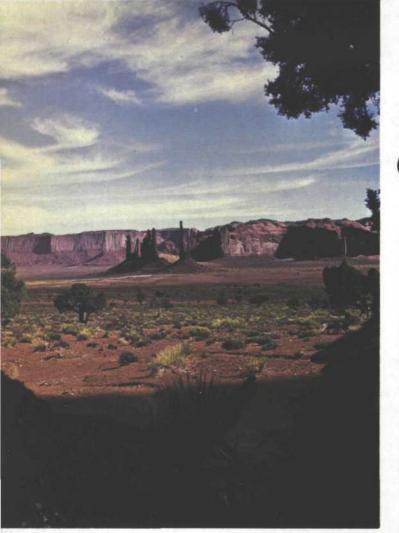
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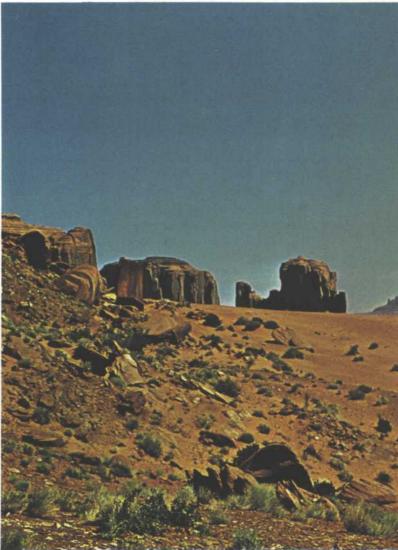
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A Man...



STRADDLING THE Utah-Arizona border is the 96,000-acre Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park. A few miles from the entrance to the park is a trading post and a legendary figure who calls himself "The Old Indian Trader" lives there. That man is Harry Goulding.

It was on his invitation that my wife, Joy, and I spent five days in Monument Valley, and our lives will never be the same. Sentimentalists we are, lovers of the peace, serenity and beauty of the desert we are, preservation-minded for our scaled, furred and feathery friends we are, cognizant of the devastating situation of the Navajo Indian we are, but how inadequate we really felt after that visit.

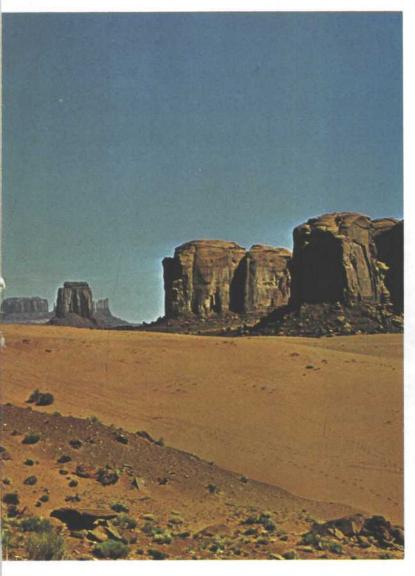
Although Harry Goulding has bowed to modern-day progress, a "necessary evil" to him, the atmosphere at the Trading Post and Lodge is evidence that he refuses to give in completely. The accommodations provided are beautiful, spacious and air-conditioned, but when you look out over the veranada at the sprawling valley floor, the present is all but forgotten and you find yourself in his

Home of the proud Navajo Indians, Monument Valley is a land of many moods and changing colors, accentuated by the escarpments and mesas. All photos by the author.

world of unbelievable beauty and peace. The old dinner bell still rings to call his family of guests to the large community dining hall as it has through the many, many years and the ever-present hospitality lingers as Harry, his wife, Mike, and managers Maurice and Rosemary Knee dine and chat with their guests.

I think Harry knew I wanted to formulate my own opinions of both the valley and him. He said very little, but he had that knowing look in his eyes. Having lived with the Indians for so many years, he has adopted many of their philosophies and ways, one of which is to size up a man very slowly and very quietly. It occurred to me later that this is what he wanted to do with me because, despite the fact that the trading post has many four-wheel drive vehicles, with air-conditioning, that journey out each day with the guests who wish to tour Monument Valley off the beaten path, he suggested that he take us out alone in his own vehicle, a little white Jeepster that he lovingly called *Burrito*. Although no

His Monuments...

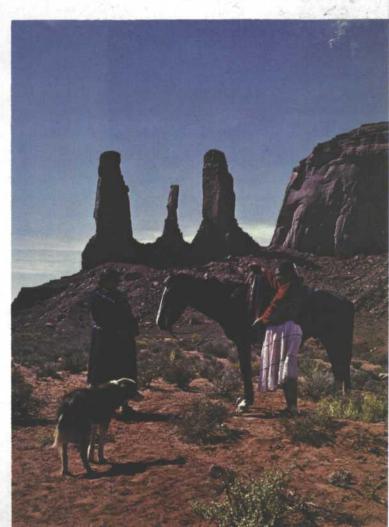


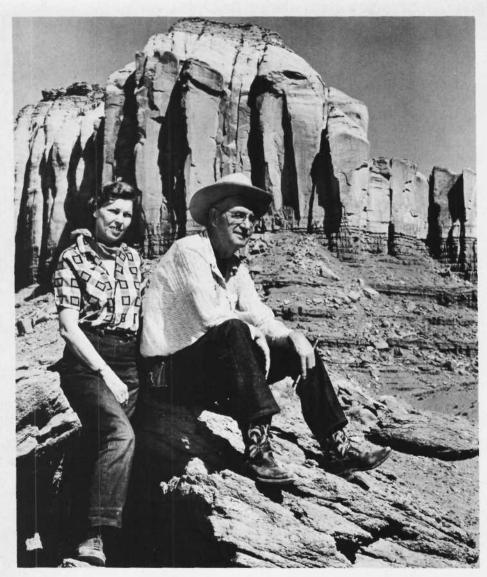
His Nission by Bill Knyvett

other person alive knows the valley as does Harry, being on the desert for so long had produced a built-in sense of caution and our little burrito was fitted out with enough gear and supplies for us to survive indefinitely!

As we drove toward the ranger station Harry explained how the Navajo tribe had set up their own commission to control and police their own tribal park, rather than relinquish it to federal control. It is a credit to the Navajos that no park or monument, federal or state is

Two Navajo sisters and their dog rest while herding sheep at the foot of the formation known as "The Three Sisters."





Harry Goulding and his wife, Mike, were among the first white settlers in Monument Valley where they established a trading post. They speak fluent Navajo and have been long-time champions of the Indians. Photo by Joseph Muench.

less littered than Monument Valley.

Down on the valley floor Harry pointed out the various beautiful colored spires and monuments that were, indeed, aweinspiring. Occasionally he would stop and point to some view or object and we soon learned that he was about to tell us of some memorable happening of the past. Perhaps it would be an old abandoned hogan where a cherished friend had lived and died, or a certain cave or ancient ruin he and Mike had first discovered. Sometimes he would just stop and silently gaze at some far off view and we knew he was recalling his own private moments of the past.

The first day was overcast and the true brilliance of the monoliths was lost as we took a very circuitous route to Surprise Canyon. It was here, hidden from from view until the very last moment, and only after a steep hike, we saw the first of the many natural arches that are part of the beauty of the land.

As the day passed and Harry took us deeper and deeper into his beloved valley, our love for this beautiful creation of Nature grew, as did our love and respect for Mr. Goulding. How patiently he explained the history, the trials of establishing the trading post and of his desire to preserve the valley for his life-long friends, the Navajos. It is one thing to view the valley from afar, or from photographs. It is another feeling to be in among the monuments. You not only see them, you become a part of them. You readily understand why the Navajos would pray to a certain monument during illness, for wasn't that monument inhabited by a good spirit, and are not the spirits there today?

Gazing into the infinite horizon of the valley, we wondered what the thoughts must have been when Harry, as a young wrangler with a few days off after a long trail ride, topped the Comb Reef and looked down on the then unknown valley for the first time. So impressed with the beauty and formations was he that right then his life changed. He returned with his bride, pitched a tent at the base of a sandstone cliff and discovered his mission in life. Establishing the trading post and dealing with the Indians opened his eyes to the deplorable conditions under which the Navajos eked out an existence. His dedication to the advancement physically, socially and culturally of the Indian has in itself been a monumental one.

It was on land that he provided that the first hospital in Monument Valley was erected in 1950 by the Seventh-day Adventist Church. They brought modern medical science to a much-needed area and with the creation of an air-strip at Goulding's, injured and ill Indians can be swiftly transported or transferred.

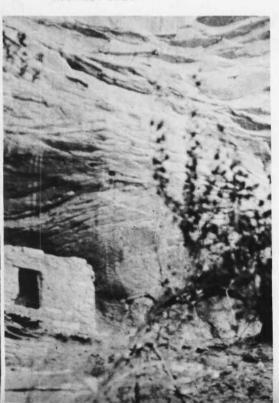
It was Harry's determined faith in the valley and its people that brought the movie cameras of Hollywood during the 30's with the filming of "Stagecoach." This opened the door to the employment of many Navajos and brought economic stability for many an "extra". The movies also exposed the entire country to the beauty of the valley and before long he and Mike were in the tour business.



Tour vehicles (right) from Goulding's Lodge wind through picturesque Monument Valley. Prehistoric Indians lived in Monument Valley (below) but disappeared before present day Navajo Indians arrived.

With the construction of modern roads came more people and the accommodations enlarged, although the original trading post is still doing business as in the days of old.

One of the memorable trips which he took us on included a section of the park called Mystery Valley. We left the paved road and were simply gobbled up by the silence and peacefulness as we wound our way up canyons investigating old cliff dwellings and petroglyphs. In one area he pointed out where apparently two different peoples had lived as was evidenced by two very different styles of workmanship and materials used. At the scene of another he became livid upon discovering that since his last trip vandals had been tearing apart the walls of a home of the ancient ones, mute evidence that even in desolate places such as this desecraters are committing their heinous acts. Yet at another point we all knelt in the red dirt as he showed us where ants in making their subterranean quarters had brought to the surface small fragments of shell beads dating back to 600-1200 A.D.





We noted the pride in his voice when he pointed out that Navajos never camp at a water hole. Their way is to locate a distance away to allow the birds and animals access to the life-giving fluid.

On the return trip Harry told us how in all his years of trading with the Navajos the most satisfying deal he ever made was for the Navajos! He explained how he and Mike had traded 46 years of work, since the two of them first learned the language they speak so fluently back in 1924, and donated the trading post to Knox College of Galesburg, Illinois, with the proviso that all profits be used for scholarships for their beloved browneyed friends.

Under the college's management the trading post will thusly carry on Harry's mission for years and years to come, ever up-grading and advancing the native American Indian and as Harry says "in some small way repay his debt to them."

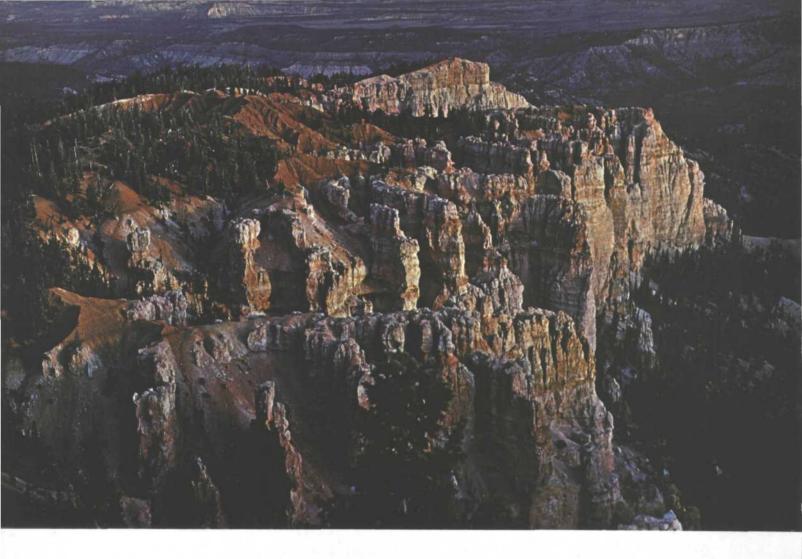
In a valley where monuments are many and are measured in hundreds of feet, none stands so tall as Harry Goulding, for truly he is a human monument for the brotherhood of men!

A Worthy Cause

In the few days spent with Mr. Goulding we discussed many ways in which his mission can be helped by people everywhere. I feel that as DESERT Magazine readers we particularly should feel the need to help a member of our desert family. Let's go through our wardrobes and locate a few articles of clothing or anything that might be useful to these people, and put them aside. when next you go marketing pick up an extra item and put it aside. Package it up securely and mail it to:

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THROUGH UTAH'S BACK COUNTRY

by Ronald Shofner

HEN I was a boy of 12, my family took a vacation to the painted land of southern Utah and northern Arizona. Having lived in California's central valley all my life, my young imagination was thoroughly enchanted by this fairytale landscape of sculptured cliffs, crimson hills, and hidden canyons.

I recall vividly when we were on Sunset Point at the rim of Bryce Canyon listening to a park ranger talk about the wonders of the fantastically eroded, pink amphitheatre below us. He concluded his talk with a sweeping gesture of his arm toward the hazy country stretching as far as the eye could see. He said we were standing on the edge of civilization, and what we were viewing was largely wilderness, still to be searched for other wonders like Bryce Canyon. At that moment I developed a curiosity that has taken me back again and again.

Some six years later, a group of local citizens raised enough money to build a road that pushed into the heart of this area. This road, known as the Cottonwood Cutoff, in addition to shortening

the distance from Bryce Canyon to Lake Powell by about 70 miles, traverses some of the West's most unusual and varied country.

The first step begins at the turnoff to Bryce Canyon from Utah State 12. Here, follow State 54 eastward and south to the quiet Mormon village of Tropic, which was settled in 1891. Called Tropic because of the contrast in weather to Bryce Canyon, the canyon is carved into the Paunsaugunt Plateau directly above the town. In addition to seeing the unusual views of Bryce Canyon from below, you can visit the reconstructed home of Ebenezer Bryce for whom the canyon was named. Ellis LaFevre, an historically minded citizen, has created a small museum of the local area in the Bryce home. On display are pioneer relics and Indian artifacts. It is on the main road as you leave the other side of town.

The real jumping off place is five miles later at the redrock hamlet of Cannonville. It was named after George Q. Cannon, a Mormon leader at the time of settlement in 1876. This town of 150 people is the last chance for gas and supplies. There are no services for the next 70 miles. Two and one-half miles to the south of town, at the Kane County line, the paved road ends and the dirt road begins.

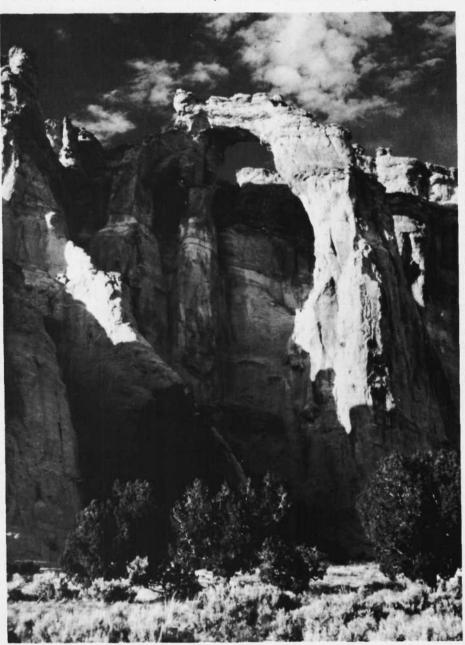
If stormy weather appears likely, it is

not wise to take this road as dry washes can become raging torrents. Whether it looks stormy or not, local inquiry as to road conditions should always be made.

About a mile after the pavement ends there is a fork in the road. The left-hand road is the Cottonwood Cutoff which fords the Paria River a few hundred yards from the fork. The right fork eventually meets the Johnson Canyon road 33 miles later. About eight miles up this fork is Bull Valley Gorge which makes an interesting side trip.

The gorge is cut into Navajo Sandstone and is tremendously deep and narrow, similar to the well-known Zion Narrows.

Descent into the canyon involves a hike of about one mile upstream, starting to the right after crossing the bridge. Here the canyon broadens into a valley



Bryce Canyon (opposite page) is one of Utah's many colorful national and state parks. In Butler Valley, Grosvenor Arch (above) is 152 feet high. It was formed of Winsor sandstone during the age of the dinosaurs.

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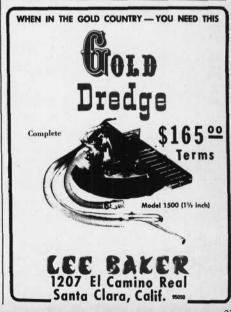
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making entry easy. Some climbing is involved in negotiating the small waterfalls in the usually dry stream bed. I have hiked about two miles downstream from the bridge. The gorge is so narrow in places it seems like you're in a cave. I would recommend this hike only to the adventurous and hardy. If you enter the gorge, keep an eye out for rain conditions as a flash flood here could be disastrous.

About a mile before returning to the Cottonwood Cutoff begins the descent of a hill climbed on the way to the gorge. Here at the top of the hill, it is worthwhile to walk about 100 yards to the northern edge. You will see a splendid wide-angle view of the Paria River Valley with the 10,500 foot Table Cliffs Plateau dominating the horizon.

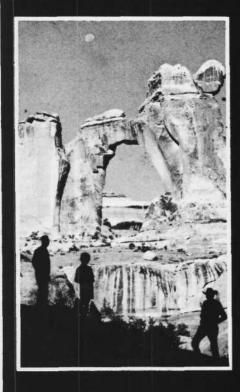
Once back on the Cottonwood road and after an easy ford of the Paria River (which normally is the size of a creek) the road proceeds overland through a variety of colorful land. Four and a half miles later the short side road to Kodachrome Flats turns to the left. Once known as Thorny Pasture to the rugged

cattlemen who have ranged here since the turn of the century, this area is one of mystery and beauty. Nature's finely carved rock forms are hewn out of brilliant red Entrada sandtsone. There are small pockets and flats between them which can be roamed freely. The mystery, which has yet to receive an adequate explanation, is how the numerous tall, gray, totempole-like spires sprinkled liberally throughout the Flats came into being. One theory is they are "ancient petrified geyser holes." While devising your own theories and enjoying the beauty, there are a few picnic tables under shady junipers and pinons where you can relax.

Back out on the main road and 10 miles further is the one-mile side road to Grosvenor Arch. Sculptured out of one of the many cream-colored ramparts forming Butler Valley, the 152-foot-high double arch is one of the highlights of the trip. The arch, formed in Winsor sandstone deposited in the age of dinosaurs, is capped by a resistant layer of mauve-colored Dakota sandstone-conglomerate. Petrified wood can be found in this stratum. The arch was named after the president of the National Geographic Society when one of their exploring parties "discovered" it for the outside world in the 40s. It had been known for years before by the cattlemen as Butler Valley Arch. Regardless of what it is called, the arch is one of the finest works of nature in the southwest.

It's possible to ascend the span and actually stand on the summit. The top may be approached from either side. The left approach follows up a gulley which can be seen after rounding the left abutment. The easier route starts up a few hundred yards to the right. After ascending a fairly gentle slope to the top of the buttress, a walk to the western edge will bring the arch in view. A little maneuvering with courage and carefulness will make the summit. I must emphasize carefulness. When you're up there, it's a long, long way down!

As the road leaves Butler Valley it makes a small descent into one of the most unusual canyons in the west, Cottonwood Canyon. As the name implies, the canyon is lined with the spreading shade of the restful cottonwood tree. Springs and campsites are plentiful in this 15-mile section. The canyon paral-



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lels what geologists call the East Kaibab Monocline, known on maps as the Coxcomb.

Coxcomb is an apt description of the upturned, exposed strata piercing the sky for the length of the canyon. The west wall is massive; white Navajo sandstone sliced here and there by knife-like canyons incised by small tributaries of Cottonwood Creek. In places the Navajo sandstone has a frosting of brilliant maroon Carmel sandstone which is saturated with iron oxide. This is the same formation that caps the temples in Zion Canyon causing the walls to be streaked blood-red.

About 10 miles before the road's junction with Highway 89, the Paria River is met again. The kaleidoscope of colors and rock forms in Cottonwood Canyon is invaded here by the river. It enters from the west through a gateway carved into the Coxcomb. Some maps show the Cottonwood Cutoff and the Paria ghost town road joining through this canyon. It is only passable by 4-wheel-drive vehicles.

Parking where the road meets the

Paria and walking one mile upstream through the canyon will reveal an exceptional colorful valley. It is entirely surrounded by the many-banded Chinle formation, the same geological formation of the Painted Desert. Petrified wood deposits of gem quality once abounded here but have been nearly depleted by collectors.

Do not confuse the Paria townsite, on the northeast side of the river, with a movie set used for "Sergeant's Three" on the south side of the river. Paria (Piute word for 'elk') was a Mormon outpost under the frontiersman and missionary Jacob Hamblin in 1867 and was settled in 1872. Subsequent floods wiped out this little agricultural community. Today only a few, small, unoccupied cabins remain. Paria may be approached also from the south by a five mile dirt road which turns off 33 miles east of Kanab on Highway 89.

After passing through the Coxcomb, a pleasant sojourn in Paria country ends. The road, inspired and built by the citizens below Bryce Canyon, skirts the taluscovered bases of the last mesas before the

open country on the way to Lake Powell. A few miles later the Cottonwood Cutoff meets the pavement of Highway 89, 25 miles from Lake Powell.

This pavement marks the end of an adventure through spectacular country. If it had not been for far-sighted citizens, it would still be known only to lonely cowpunchers—as it was when I stood on the rim of Bryce Canyon some years ago.

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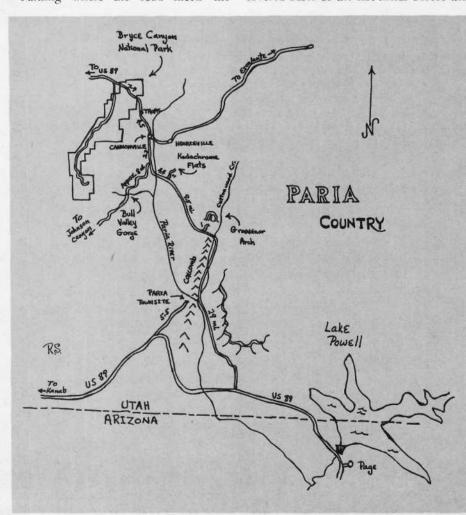
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Arches White Mesa

by Jack Pepper

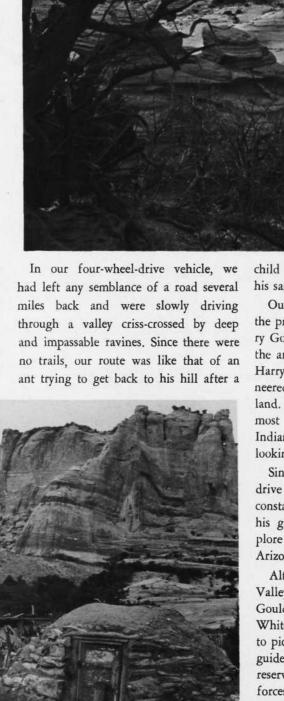
LTHOUGH HE spoke English, our A Navajo Indian guide used his native language to give directions as we headed for a natural arch formation several miles away. Even at that distance, we could see the arch, silhouetted against the blue Arizona sky, was of tremendous size.

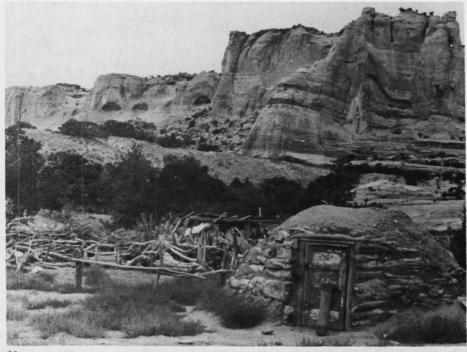
child had streaked his fingers through his sandy path.

Our expedition had been organized the previous day by Bill Greene and Harry Goulding. Bill was born and raised in the area and his father, Art Greene, and Harry Gouldings are cousins who pioneered the white settlement of Navajoland. Semi-retired, Harry now devotes most of his time to helping the Navajo Indians and exploring the back country, looking for new arches and landmarks.

Since Bill runs guided four-wheeldrive tours from Wahweap Lodge and is constantly looking for new places to take his guests, Harry had suggested we explore the White Mesa area south of Page,

Although he knows the Monument Valley area as well as the Navajos, Harry Goulding was not too familiar with the White Mesa area, so he arranged for us to pick up an Indian guide en route. The guide, Jim Begay, had returned to the reservation after serving in the armed forces during World War II and living in California. However, Jim had not been in the White Mesa area since before his military service.





Spectacular arch (left)
evidently had not
been seen by a white
man for many years
before it was
rediscovered by
author and his party.
An abandoned hogan
and corral (lower,
left) at the foot of
W hite Mesa. "The
Poodle" was a natural
name for monolith
at right.



He had been speaking English prior to our leaving the last vestiges of civilization, so I asked Harry, who speaks Navajo fluently, why Jim had changed to his native tongue. Turning to Jim, Harry spoke a few words of Navajo—which I can only describe as beautifully soft and soothing.

"He says that since he is trying to find his way through the area like he did when riding a horse years ago, his native language seems more natural," Harry explained.

After passing several abandoned Navajo hogans—the Navajo name for home we finally arrived at the foot of the giant arch, which towered hundreds of feet above us. From its base there was a sheer drop of a hundred or so feet and from which we could see Navajo Mountain nearly a hundred miles away.

Leaving the arch we circled the bottom of White Mesa. Harry explained our Indian guide was trying to find a little known entrance to the top of the mesa which he had accidentally discovered when a boy while herding sheep.

As we approached what looked like a sheer blank sandstone cliff, Mel Schoppman, a former cowboy who wheels a four-wheel-drive like he handles a horse, stopped. Jim whispered in Navajo to proceed. Mel shrugged his shoulders and headed for the blank wall. Then we spotted the small opening through which we were barely able to get the vehicle. Climbing up a steep grade, we snaked the car onto the top of the mesa and through pine trees, some of which we had to cut the branches in order to follow the old horse trail.

Suddenly Jim held up his hand and said "stop" in English. I am glad it was in English so Mel understood as we were within a few feet of a precipice—and ahead of us was a precipice and on the other side was a precipice.

"We are surrounded by precipices," I muttered as we got out of the vehicle to take pictures of the scenery which can only be described in photographs. On the way back down, Jim told us—in English—that he doubted if anyone—including Navajos—had been in the area for many years.

This is not true today as Bill Greene is now making our "discovery" one of the stops on his guided tours. I am certain he has instructed his drivers and guides to say the magic word at the end of the trail *ut-ta-bunta*, which in Navajo means STOP.



THE WUPATKI National Monument, thirty miles north of Flagstaff, Arizona, may look like the land that God forsook. But there was a time when it resounded with the shouts of happy children and buzzed with the activities of Indians living in a Utopia of their own. Water was plentiful, garden crops grew well, enemies were almost nonexistent and enough timber was available to satisfy all their needs.

The area was a melting pot of tribes who mingled freely with the original inhabitants, the Sinaguas. The Pueblos moved in from the northeast and brought their dry farming techniques with them. Mogollon groups came in from the southwest; Cohoninos came from the west and Hohokams, who were irrigation farmers, came from a territory somewhat to the south.

From about 600 A.D. until a volcanic eruption in 1065 chased the Indians away, they lived in pit houses covered with brush which kept them warm in winter and cool in summer. After returning to the area in about 1120, however, they built their homes on high rocky outcroppings, using slabs of Moencopi sandstone and clay mud in much the same way a modern mason uses bricks and mortar.

The first Indians who moved back into the area after the eruption soon learned the volcano had not been a complete catastrophe because the ash and light cinders which now covered the ground prevented evaporation of the normally light rainfall. This retention of moisture made it possible for them to grow crops where nothing would grow before.

As soon as knowledge of the better growing conditions became known abroad, many Indians moved into the area causing Wupatki to become the largest pueblo for miles around. It contained about 100 rooms and was four stories high, giving rise to its Indian name, Wupatki, meaning "Tall House."

The Indians' period of prosperity lasted for nearly 100 years. The intensive farming of the land soon wore it out, and to make matters worse, winds gradually blew away that protective layer of ash and cinders making it difficult to raise decent crops. In addition, a series of drought years began in 1215 and became progressively drier until the great drought

Ruins Of Tall House

by Milo Bird
Photo by Janice Beaty



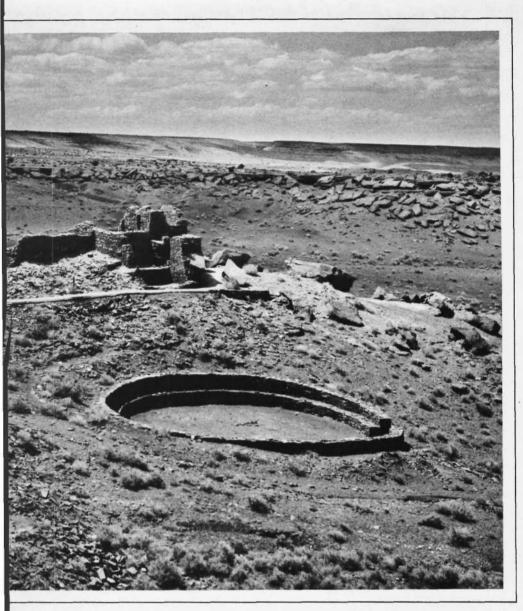
of 1276 to 1299. However, the Indians didn't wait that long before deserting their drought-ridden land. By the year 1225 none remained and their pueblos were left to the mercy of wind and decay.

Seven hundred years after the Indians deserted Wupatki, the Civil Works Administration, one of those alphabetical groups for which Washington, D.C. was famous in the early 1930s, undertook to excavate and restore part of it. In 1933-34, the Museum of Northern Arizona did additional excavating, and the National Park Service did further work in 1941-42 and in 1952-53. Since that time the Park Service has adopted the policy of preserving rather than restoring those ancient archeological structures. In keeping with this policy, the restored portions of Wupatki were removed thus leaving the walls as they were when white men first saw them.

As a person approaches Wupatki ruins from the Monument headquarters he comes to the edge of a slight dropoff and looks out upon a great pile of stone houses, some fairly complete, others just low walls. In the foreground is a circular wall four feet high and about sixty feet in diameter with stone seats around its interior. It resembles kivas of neighboring Anasazi except there is no evidence this one had ever had a roof. No one knows what use the Indians made of it although it is called an amphitheater.

Another circular enclosure 150 yards from the amphitheater is thought to have been a ball court because it resembles ball courts found farther south in Arizona and Mexico.

A hole through a stone cubicle near the ball court connects to a subterranean cavern. Whenever external atmospheric pressure is less than that in the cavern, air rushes out of this opening, and rushes



back in when external pressure is higher. Air rushes out when a falling barometer indicates an approaching storm, and rushes back in after the storm has ended. No doubt this phenomenon was recognized by the Indians but there is no evidence they had connected any of their religious rites with it.

A modern building beyond the ruins houses a spring which furnished water for the Wupatki dwellers but which is now used only by wild animals.

Paragraphs in a pamphlet available in the headquarters building describe interesting features in and near the ruins. One of these is the ventilation system used by the Indians. If a room stood by itself, a doorway could afford access and ventilation, but when room after room were added, each one being a separate home it was necessary to build ducts from the outside so fresh air could enter inner rooms. Also since those inner rooms had no doors, roof hatches served as access openings and as channels through which smoke could escape.

Some of the upper rooms were so constructed that cracks in the foundation rocks served as vents. Vents in ground floor rooms always seemed to be directed toward the fire pits necessitating wind breaks consisting of upright flat stones set in the floor transverse to the air flow to prevent it from blowing fires around the room.

During excavation several infants were found buried beneath the floors. Such burial practice was probably based on the belief that the dead child woul be reborn as the mother's next baby.

To utilize every possible inch of space, the Indians built their walls to the very edge of the supporting rock, and in some cases wide cracks were bridged with beams of ponderosa pine which have now held up those walls for 800 years. Since many such beams were found in the Wupatki ruins they added greatly to the treering dating of events mentioned in this article.

Although the Wupatki Indians did not have a great variety of wild plants at their disposal, they did have ephedra or "Mormon Tea" which they used medicinally, probably in the same way that ephedrin obtained from the Chinese variety of ephedra is used. Seeds of the fourwing saltbush or "chamiza" were ground for food.

Copper bells and the skeletons of macaws found during excavation of trash heaps proved that those Indians traded with tribes living farther south in what is now Arizona and in Mexico.

A person could spend five minutes or many days exploring deserted homes in the Wupatki National Monument, but what he sees or feels or hears as he stands in the presence of those ruins is as varied as people themselves. Does he see merely a jumble of dirty old rock walls, or does he see a city of people busy with their daily chores? Can he visualize the labor of prying those rocks loose from their embedding soil using only a broken limb as a digging tool? Can he envision the tremendous task of carrying all those rocks back to the village and lugging them up rickety ladders to the top of a wall? Does he wonder at the ability of men to chop down ponderosa pine trees using only sharp edged rocks? And can he imagine the labor and sweat expended in dragging those logs several miles and finally lifting them into place to become lintels over cracks in the base rock, or roof beams strong enough to support the dirt floor of a house above?

Does a person see and hear and feel these sights and sounds as they existed 700 years ago or does he see only a pile of dirty rocks; hear only the whistle of a buzzard wheeling high overhead and feel only the sting of windblown sand against his face?

Therein lies the difference between him and the person who sees well-built homes sitting safely upon high outcroppings, hears the buoyant laughter of happy, healthy people and feels the air of a community electric with its daily chores in a land free of smog, traffic jams and monumental taxes. The one sees the land that God forsook; the other sees an Indian Utopia.



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BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 6)

West they are not concerned so much with geography as they are with the people who migrated and the legends they created during that period of American history when men were too busy surviving to take time to chronicle their experiences. When these experiences were later told and retold they became legends.

As defined by the Readers Digest Encyclopedic Dictionary, a legend is "an unauthenticated story from earlier times, preserved by tradition and popularly thought to be historical." It follows that each individual legend on the truth scale can range from zero to one hundred percent. It also follows the position of the legend on the truth scale depends upon how much a person wants to believe—or not believe—in that particular incident.

This is the basis of Lost Legends of the West in which the authors examine the "lore, legends, characters and myths that grew out of the Old West." Both Brad Williams and Choral Pepper are good writers and have an exceptional flair for providing just enough pros and cons to excite the imagination and then dropping the legend so the final decision is up to the reader.

Included among the more than 20 "lost legends" are such intriguing subjects as lost bones, lost ladies, lost towns, Pancho Villa's lost head, lost diamonds and many other subjects now no longer "lost." The authors' first book, *The Mysterious West*, published two years ago, is still very popular. Their second book should be just as well received. This reviewer recommends it as a fresh approach to the always fascinating history of the Old West. Hardcover, illustrated, 192 pages, \$5.95.

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The dramatic character of the Southwest is best reflected in the life and art of its people. And within the past year there has been a renascence by white people in their interest in the economic, cultural and artistic life of native Americans.

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Aware of this renewed interest, Sunset Editors have published a travel guide to Arizona, New Mexico and southern Utah and Colorado covering some 48 reservations and Indian pueblos.

Handsomely illustrated with 49 blackand-white photographs, a large collection of Indian art in full color and nine detailed maps, the guide is organized into four major sections: the Navajo, Hopi, Hualapai, and Havasupai of northern Arizona; the pueblo villages of New Mexico and the Ute reservations of southern Colorado; the Apache tribes of Arizona and New Mexico; and the Pima, Papago and "river people" of Southern Arizona.

Special sections include information about Navajo rugs, Hopi kachina dolls, pueblo pottery, Papago basketry, Indian beads, and pictographs and petroglyphs. Regardless of whether you plan a trip through these areas, Southwest Indian Country will provide you with a greater appreciation of our native American people and their cultures. Large format, well illustrated, 80 pages, paperback, \$1.95.



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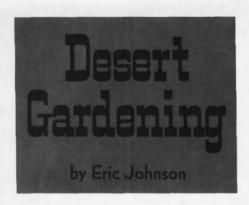
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THIS IS a time to change from the colorful gardening season of spring to the summer tempo of heavy maintenance. Most important is an awareness of the water needs of plants and lawns to help them cope with the high demand for moisture, and the competition from weeds. Getting ready for vacation periods as well as finding yourself torn between the jobs you have to do and the things you would like to do keeps the desert gardener well occupied.

You can improve the job of maintaining gardens as well as having positive insurance that your garden will have water when it needs it by installing an automatic system. Manual type systems can easily be converted to an automatic control system by using converting units that fit into the manual valves.

Check bubblers to make sure all are operating. Sprinkler heads in shrub borders, in lawn and ground cover areas may need to be raised to allow for heavy growth of plants or turf build-up. Timing schedule on automatic clocks may need readjusting for increased watering. Set up controls to allow water to flow long enough at each watering to fill basins to their full depth to get moisture deep into the ground.

Extend basins on citrus and shade trees to the drip line. In all cases keep soil moist, not wet or soggy. A green scum over a watered area is a good indicator of excess moisture.

Reducing the red spider problem on junipers can be a simple project when you use a strong jet of water on the foliage of the different kinds of junipers. The accumulation of dust on juniper foliage creates ideal conditions for red spider build-up. Use this easy insect control method at least once every two or three weeks.

For summer color in high elevation

gardens plant portulaca, salvia, dwarf and tall marigold. In low elevation gardens add Madagascar periwinkle to the list. You can encourage sweet alyssum to a longer season of flowering by applying liquid organic fertilizer as well as getting a new surge of growth. Clean up dead or dying spring annuals.

Plant new palms or do your transplanting during hot weather. Keep all palms moist throughout hot weather periods. When transplanting, tie outer fronds together with twine to protect inner growth bud from the drying effects of hot sun or wind whip.

Control the unwanted growth of Bermuda grass in open areas or in Dichondra lawns with the use of Dowpon. Several applications may be required to control. The use of a spreader-sticker increases the effectiveness of the material.

Lawn planting of hot weather grasses can proceed during the next four or five months. Plant Dichondra from seed in clean areas to get quick results. Plant hybrid Bermuda, St. Augustine, and lippia from divisions or plugs out of flats or plant rooted stolens. Apply high nitrogen fertilizer to get fast recovery when Bermuda turns light green. Apply when grass is dry and water in thoroughly after applying. Avoid overwatering Bermuda lawns that have recently been seeded.

In high elevation gardens of the western Mojave desert, sod lawns of blue grass have proved most successful in areas where wind is a problem in seeding. Bermuda lawns that refuse to turn dark green are often affected by the inability of the soil to convert iron to a useable form and you have to treat some areas with a chelate material.

Roses are at their best this month in all areas. Keep them blooming by applying rose fertilizer while plants are in full bloom. Remove faded flowers. Apply iron sulfate or chelates if plants begin to show chlorotic tendencies. Apply a new mulch where mulches have become depleted. Keep up regular watering schedules to keep soil moist. Soak rather than sprinkle. If you must sprinkle, set up schedule for early morning hours to permit moisture to dry early in the day and also to avoid scalding plants.

In low elevation gardens plant new citrus. Paint exposed stems or branches

with tree white paint to protect from sun burn. Provide citrus trees in lawn areas with extra fertilizer to compensate for competition with lawn roots. Deep watering will also be necessary. Apply citrus fertilizer at least once every 30 days until September. Citrus seldom require much pruning. Shape irregular growth only and remove suckers growing at the base or within the structure of the tree. Dead wood can also be removed.

Container planting in patio areas as well as in entrance areas produces the kind of special effect that puts the finishing touch on most any kind of garden layout. The portable garden has great flexibility to provide color of the right kind at the right time.

This arrangement also permits moving plants into protected areas of a wide overhang or carport during the periods of summer heat stress. Watch the water needs of container plants, it may be necessary to water daily when plants are older and roots have filled container.

Complete the removal of frozen or dead wood on subtropical and tropical plants. Reshape or thin hibiscus, Natal plum, bougainvillea, lantana, or Cape honeysuckle to keep plants in control and to stimulate new growth and flowering wood.

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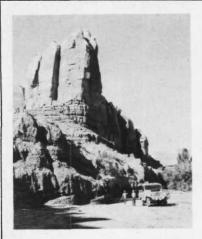
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INSCRIPTIONS AT WILLOW SPRINGS

(Continued from Page 9)

According to the Perkins journal the missionaries left Bountiful, Utah, near Salt Lake City, on April 14, 1873. The itinerary was by the way of the newlyconstructed Lee's Ferry, bridging the once-formidable barrier of the Colorado River, southward into Arizona by Navajo Springs, Limestone Tanks, Cedar Ridge, Willow Springs (the first date we noted here was by H. K. Perkins, May 18, 1873) and to the Little Colorado River and its Grand Falls.

After exploration of the Little Colorado River country, the group of missionaries decided to retrace their steps. Fear of the Apaches, scarcity of water, barrenness of the land and unsuitable land for settlement discouraged the men from staying longer.

But when the exploration party returned to Willow Springs they encountered other Mormons migrating southward. The journal relates that camped at Willow Springs were "54 wagons, 112 men and boys, 6 women and one child."

As noted in the Perkins journal, the first group returned home to Utah. Discouraged, they felt their mission had been a failure. Actually the trip was notable, as it laid out the first real Mormon road



Many years after prehistoric Indians carved petroglyphs on this rock, Mormons inscribed their names.

from the Colorado River to and along the Little Colorado River. U.S. Highway 89 follows approximately this original trail today.

There were at least 14 years, as indicated by dates on canyon walls, in which Willow Springs was a camping ground for the migrating Mormons. The crumbling rock ruins which we had explored had been a trading post and fort. Reportedly, there were two other trading posts at Willow Springs.

These "guest registers" are a monument in Arizona history. For such Arizona towns as Show Low, Pinetop, Snow Flake, Tuba City, Moencopi, Holbrook, Taylor and Mesa were settled by stalwart Mormon pioneers who passed by the way of Willow Springs.

To find the inscriptions go north of Cameron for 17 miles on U.S. 89. Look east, and about 1/2 mile in the distance, at the base of the red cliffs, you will see the old ruins of the trading post. Also at this point you will see the old Moenave highway proceeding east. Follow this road to within 200 yards of the trading post. Here is the Willow Springs stream. Inscriptions are found on adjacent walls and boulders.

Calendar of Western Events

APRIL 24 & 25, VISTA GEM & MINERAL SOCIETY'S SHOW, 1375 Oak Drive, Vista, Calif. Free admission. Write P. O. Box 233, Vista, Calif. 92083.

APRIL 25 & 26, SHOWER OF GEMS, sponsored by the Arrowhead Mineralogical Society, Alpha Lyman School Auditorium, across from the San Bernardino County Museum, Bloomington, Calif. Admission free. No dealers.

APRIL 25 & 26, ROCKWRANGLERS ROUNDUP, sponsored by the Southwest Rockwranglers, Gardena Armory, 2100 West 154th Street, Gardena, Calif, Free admission, parking, door prizes. Seven major dealers and demonstrators.

APRIL 25 & 26, TREASURES OF THE EARTH SHOW sponsored by the El Cajon Valley Gem & Mineral Society, Drew Ford Motor Co., La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, Calif. Write C. F. Hughes, 113 Almyra Rd., El Cajon, Calif. 92021.

MAY 2 & 3, 1970 FAST CAMEL CRUISE sponsored by Sareea Al Jamel 4WD Club, near Indio, Calif. Overnight camping, 4WD events, scenic cruise. All 4WD owners welcome. Write Box 526, Indio, Ca. 92201.

MAY 2 & 3, SAN DIEGO ANTIQUE BOT-TLE CLUB fifth annual show, Scottish Rite Memorial Center, Interstate 8, Mission Valley, San Diego. Write P. O. Box 536, San Diego, Calif. 92112.

MAY 2 & 3, Wildflower Show, Stinson Beach,

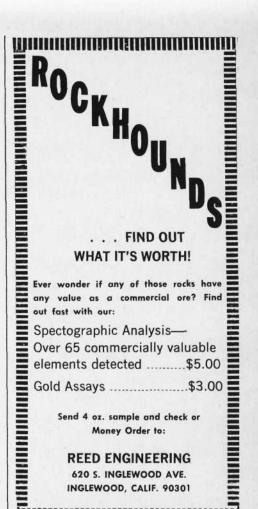
MAY 2 & 3, TOURMALINE GEM & MIN-ERAL SOCIETY'S ANNUAL SHOW, Helix High School, 7323 University Ave., La Mesa, Calif. No dealers. Write Carl Hamlin, 4621 Dana Drive, La Mesa, Calif. 92041.

MAY 8-10, CUESTA SPORTORAMA, sponsored by five sportsmen's clubs of San Luis Obispo County, Cuesta College, Highway 1 between San Luis Obispo and Morro Bay. All types of sports and recreation exhibits, entertainment, outdoor activities, etc. Write P. O. Box J, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93401.

MAY 9-24, JULIAN WOMAN'S CLUB 44th ANNUAL WILDFLOWER SHOW, Julian Town Hall, Julian, Calif.

MAY 16 & 17, SAN JOSE ANTIQUE BOT-TLE COLLECTORS ASS'N. 3rd annual show. Santa Clara County Fairgrounds, 344 Tully Rd., San Jose, Calif. Free admission, overnight camper-trailer parking. Write Louie Pellegrini, 145 Pine Lane, Los Altos, CA. 94022. MAY 16 & 17, SANTA BARBARA MINER-AL & GEM SOCIETY'S SHOW, Boy's Club Bldg., 632 E. Canon Perdido St., Santa Barbara, Calif.

MAY 16 & 17, YUCAIPA VALLEY GEM AND MINERAL SHOW, Grange Hall, 12165 Second St., Yucaipa, Calif. Free admission and parking.









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LAKE POWELL ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 16)

Art Johnson, my former SCUBA diving guide and the manager of the Wahweap Marina, recommended Oak Canyon, just above the Rainbow Bridge inlet and about 55 miles from the marina, as a good camping site and headquarters for exploring that section of the lake.

So I resisted the urge to explore the dozens of canyons on the way to the campsite, reserving them for my return, and arrived at Oak Canyon in time to set up camp and throw in my fishing line before sunset. I didn't get a bass, but the large catfish which took my waterdog while I was making a fire was more than enough for the evening meal.

I spent the following morning exploring the picturesque canyons in the immediate vicinity and that afternoon headed for Rainbow Bridge, which I first photographed in 1964. (See Desert, April, 1964). A sudden windstorm had made the main lake a bit rough, so the calm waters of the Rainbow Bridge inlet were welcome.

(Usually calm, the main waters of Lake Powell during certain times of the year can become turbulent from sudden windstorms. Although not dangerous, the white caps make boating for small craft uncomfortable, so the best thing to do is go into one of the many canyons and relax until the winds subside).

I docked at the floating Rainbow Bridge Marina which is maintained and open nine months of the year by Wahweap Lodge. This unusual marina is located in protected waters under sheer cliffs. It has gasoline, canned goods, ice and other commodities for hungry and thirsty boaters-including beer-except on Sundays since this part of the lake is in Utah. Vaden Walker, manager, and his charming wife, Lottie, make you feel at home as you stretch your legs and inquire about the way to Rainbow Bridge.

The largest natural stone arch in the world, Rainbow Bridge is 309 feet high

and 278 feet wide with a vertex 42 feet thick. It was first discovered by white men in 1909 when 14 horseback riders penetrated the unknown wilderness and suddenly came upon the awe-inspiring wonder.

Today a good trail, slightly more than a mile and maintained by the National Park Service, goes from where you dock your boat to the first view of the bridge. From there you are on your own for you could spend an entire day exploring the



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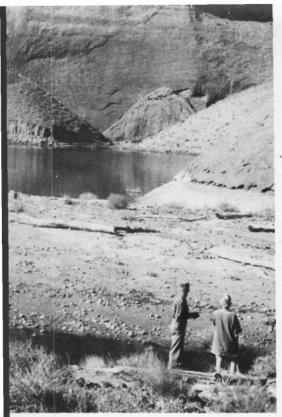
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Dwarfed by the giant sandstone escarpments, a boat (left) is watched by early morning fishermen as it heads up the Escalante River. With a houseboat (below) you can choose your own camping site and fishing hole.

This is an isolated area and only one ranger is available. The last time I was there he filled a huge gunny sack full of paper and cans thrown on the trail by visitors. He laboriously hiked the trail on his anti-litter trek, hauling the litter back to the boat dock. SO PLEASE CARRY YOUR LITTER WITH YOU, INCLUDING CIGARETTE BUTTS AND FILM DISCARDS.

Although Rainbow Bridge is probably the most photographed arch within the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area,



there are dozens of other historic landmarks which can be seen by boat as you cruise through the scenic canyons and into the tributaries of what was once the Colorado River.

Two of great historical value are Hole-

Two of great historical value are Hole-In-The-Rock where in 1880, two hundred and thirty-six men, women and children lowered their wagons and livestock down a slim crevice and crossed the Colorado River en route to their new Mormon settlement at Bluff, Utah. The other is Crossing-Of-The-Fathers where, in 1776, Father Silvestre Escalante was believed to be the first white man to enter Glen Canyon and cross the Colorado on a shallow area shown to him by friendly Indians.

Returning to my base camp at Oak Canyon, I caught a bass on my third cast and after watching the sunset and finishing my last cup of coffee, I fell asleep under the brilliant Milky Way.

For the following three days I explored the canyons and tributaries of the Colorado River and the Escalante River, which flows into the Colorado north of the San Juan. I had intended to proceed up the Colorado to Halls Crossing and the Bullfrog Marina, but time ran out.

This summer I plan to launch my boat at Bullfrog Marina which is now reached by a new paved road from Hanksville, Utah, and explore the northern section of Lake Powell.

On the way back to Wahweap I "lost" a day since I could not resist the temptation to explore the canyons along the way, each one of which has its own mysteries and "just around the corners." When I arrived at the marina, Art Johnson said he was not worried about my being a day late.

"Most people come back a day or two later than they had planned," he said. "There's just too much to see."

I disagree. There isn't too much to see in the Glen Canyon Recreation Area—there just isn't enough time.

A TRIANGLE TOUR

So visitors to Navajoland can see the area by land, water and air, a "three-day complete package tour" is now available. It is described by Bill Greene, manager of Canyon Tours.

"Starting at Wahweap Marina on the first morning, we board the tour boat and head for Rainbow Bridge, 55 miles up Lake Powell. On the way, tour guides explain the sights and take you through picturesque canyons.

"Arriving at Forbidding Canyon, we take the short hike inland to view Rainbow Bridge which, until just a few years ago, was inaccessible except by packmule or hiker. After a leisurely lunch under the arch, we board our boat and visit more awe-inspiring canyons and then make camp at our permanent overnight campsite. Here is roughing it in style with steaks prepared by your pilots, comfortable sleeping on cots, swimming, and a lazy evening around a campfire while the guides recite stories about the area and the early days."

"On the second day we wend our way toward the San Juan River, again visiting side canyons. Cruising up the San Juan, we photograph scenic areas such as Nasja, Cha and Desha until we reach Nokai where we leave the boat and board fourwheel-drive vehicles.

"We are driven through the rugged canyons of the Navajo Indian country where we see prehistoric Indian ruins, hogans and the Oljato Trading Post, finally reaching Goulding's Lodge, overlooking Monument Valley. We stay overnight here and the next day are taken on a guided tour of mysterious Monument Valley.

"The only thing you have to provide for the trip is your camera and film. Decide how much film you are going to bring, and then double the amount because the entire trip is a photographer's paradise.

"Returning to Goulding's we are met at the nearby airport by pilots from Page Aviation who provide a scenic flight back to Page where you will discover your life has been immeasurably enriched by the beauties of the strange and haunting Lake Powell and Navajoland."

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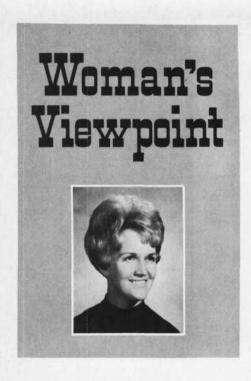
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This month's column contains outdoor recipes you readers have contributed. What clever gournet cooks you are! The past few weeks I have anxiously watched for the mailman each morning to see the recipes you would send. So many recipes were sent, many will have to be held over for future issues.

Starting with breakfast, how about trying Beth Spencer's method of cooking whole wheat cereal? Before going to bed, fill a thermos jug half full of whole wheat. Add boiling water to the top and screw on the lid. The next morning your cereal will be ready to eat. It is hard to beat the nut-like flavor and nutrition of wheat cereal.

Another easy yummy breakfast treat comes from Dale Ashman of Fillmore, Utah. Stretch refrigerator rolls into scones and fry in the grease left over from sausage, ham or bacon.

Evelyn Nash of Lakewood, California describes a breakfast treat that is guaranteed to impress your children. Heat clean smooth stones in coals. Be sure they are not damp or they may explode. After taking out the center of a buttered slice of bread, lay it on the rock and break an egg into it. Turn over to fry the other side.

The hearty main dish recipes sound especially tasty. I suspect a can of spaghetti warmed over a fire is not going to satisfy my husband after he reads these recipes.

Camper's Chicken 'n' Dumplings

- 4 chicken breasts
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 tbs. onion flakes
- 1 can sliced carrots, drained Bisquick - milk

Put chicken in pot, cover with water, add salt and pepper and onion. Bring to boil, then cover and simmer until meat is tender. Remove chicken from pot. Discard skin and bones, cut chicken into bite-sized pieces, and return to pot. Add soups and carrots to chicken and broth. Bring to boil. Make dumplings from Bisquick and milk and drop into stew. Cook 10 minutes uncovered and 10 minutes covered. Serves six. Betty Jurus—San Diego, California.

June Ellen's Mexican Stew

- 1 lb. stew beef
- 1 marrow bone
- 2 large carrots
- 3 medium tomatoes
- 3 medium potatoes
- 1/4 medium cabbage
- 3 small squash
- 1 medium onion
- 1 clove garlic
- 3 sprigs coriander

Brown meat cubes. Add one quart of water with marrow bone, onion, garlic and coriander. Simmer in a heavy pot with lid on. Add other ingredients and cook over a low fire for two hours. Serve with a green salad, fresh bread and a mildly dry red wine. Ross Figgins—Pomona, California.

Foil Fun Dinner

Place bite-sized chunks of beef, onion, carrot and potato in aluminum foil. Pour a can of tomatoes, juice and all, over the chunks. Sprinkle with a package of dry onion soup. Cook all day in coals or in a pit. Miriam Cameron—Rialto, California.

England Hay-Box Stew

Boil water and pour into a wide-mouthed vacuum jug that will take hot and cold liquids. While pre-heating the vacuum jug, prepare your usual stew or soup recipe but use half the amount of spices and water as nothing boils off. Bring stew to a boil and simmer for 5 minutes. Pour out the water in jug and replace

with the stew. Cap tightly and wrap completely in thick layer of newspaper or wrap tightly in a sleeping bag to keep the heat in. In 8-9 hours your ribrsticking stew will be ready to eat. A similar "fireless" cooking method was used by pioneer women crossing the prairies who were unable to cook on a stove. The method was also popular in England during the second world war when fuel, food and time were scarce. Elsie F. Berman—San Pedro, California.

Now for a few dessert recipes:

Peanut Butter Cookies

(Can be used with a reflector oven) 11/2 cups chunky peanut butter

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 unbeaten egg whites

Mix all together and drop by teaspoonfuls onto ungreased cookie sheet. Heavy folded foil can be used. Bake until done. Leave in the pan to cool a few minutes before removing or they will break apart. Skeptics can try the recipe at home first and bake it at 350° for 10 minutes. It really doesn't need any flour. Jean B. Morgan—Claremont, California.

Blueberry Graham Cracker Sandwiches

Place a layer of graham crackers on the bottom of a 9x13" pan. Spread on a layer of blueberry pie filling. Prepare one package of instant vanilla pudding, spread it carefully over the blueberries, and cover with another layer of crackers. Use a pancake turner to lift each sandwich out. Bertha Newcomb—Lincoln, California.

Outdoor Apple Dumplings

Put one No. 2½ can of apple pie filling in a skillet with ½ cup water and bring to a boil. Cut refrigerated biscuits in fourths, place on the apples, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Put on a tight cover and simmer twenty miuntes. Ellen E. Pope—Bowman, North Dakota.

Thank you readers, for taking time to share your recipes. My husband and I are leaving for the back country tomorrow, and I'm going to try out many of them.

Golsen a. Robison

The Fact Is . . .

The article titled Weekend Treasure Hunting by Nema Anderson, DESERT, February, 1970, leaves me baffled. Many times I've journeyed and camped and metal-detected this World War II training area. The picture accompanying this article, of someone glassing the hills for foxholes once used by the men of General Patton's troops, is a sort of mirage picture. It seems to me that Patton's Tank Corps was trained in the Cottonwood and Orocopia Mountains east of Indio. And this is some 150 miles distant from Mitchell Caverns.

This leads me to suspect that much that is written about such "treasure hunting" borders a bit too closely to fiction. At any rate, the factual basis is shaky. At one time an article similar to this written about old Fort Cummings, sent me searching for what the writer termed "a relic-hunter's paradise." After two days of diligent work with detector, shovel, and aching muscles, I had recovered two rusty horseshoes. Not much return for the \$150 spent on this trip. I must say, however, that I learned a profitable lesson, which is: not to give too much credence to fictions masquerading as fact.

Despite this, I enjoy your magazine very much. In it I have found good advice on places to visit and hobbies to pursue. I would only ask that the fiction be labeled accordingly to protect the innocent.

WILBUR P. SMITH, Cudahy, California.

Editor's Note: We appreciate Reader Smith's comments and are sorry for his aching muscles, but he is off the true trail. General Patton's troops held maneuvers throughout hundreds of square miles in San Bernardino and Riverside counties. I have personally seen their fox holes in the Cargo Muchacho Mountains, south of Wiley Well, near Essex and in other isolated areas. To the many readers who have asked us to pinpoint the locations, we are sorry, but probably the only detailed maps are in the World War II archives in Washington, D.C.

As for Fort Cummings, the writer of the article did find relics there. Maybe Mr. Smith was a bit too late. For 31 years Desert Magazine has printed facts, not fiction, and during that time we have always stated part of the wealth you find in searching for lost mines, bottles or what have you is the wealth you receive from just getting out in the open and enjoying the healthy living. And that's the facts.

Hee-Haw . . .

This letter is about as slow in coming as one of my burros. Mr. Delaney's article about Hee Haw Valley in the July issue of Desert Magazine was great and most appreciated. I am enclosing couple feathers for your hats for a job well done. Many thanks again.

BOB TUPA, Hee Haw Valley, Vista, California.



Metal Detectors . . .

In general you have a very enjoyable magazine and I read it cover to cover, but I have one suggestion. How about an article concerning the various metal detectors, their range, price, usefulness, etc. For some time I have been interested in purchasing one but I do not know where to start. The price ranges from \$19.95 to \$400.00 and each one claims to be the best. Several of my friends have the same problem. They do not know how to evaluate the numerous types on the market.

H. I. YEATER, Brawley, California.

Editor's Note: I recently attended the convention of the Prospector's Club of Southern California. There must have been 15 different types of metal detectors used and each owner swore his was the best. Evaluating metal detectors is like trying to say what automobile is the best. Like buying an automobile, the best thing to do is visit metal detector distributors and try out the models. We recommend and will vouch for those advertised in Desert Magazine.

His Lucky Day . . .

After reading Black Jade by Al Penton in the March, '70 issue, I decided I would try and locate the jade. I am a rockhound, but also a working man and only have one day off a week. I believe in luck and I had it that day (March 10).

When I got to the mountain I saw a Ford Bronco parked in the quarry. Scouting around the area, I came upon two men gathering rock, which was blade jade. They said they had been here before and possibly they were the two men who gave Mr. Penton's pals the ride.

I only had a passenger car and had to hike up the mountain the hard way as only a fourwheel-drive could make it. But after about two hours' diggings I had two nice pieces of jade about 12 pounds each and other smaller pieces, all totaling about 40 pounds.

VICTORVILLE ROCKHOUND.

Editor's Note: For obvious reasons the writer of this letter asked his name be withheld. If he can find the black jade, so can other Desert readers. Good hunting!

Rambling On Rocks . . .

I have been a steady subscriber of the Desert Magazine for many, many years and enjoyed reading every issue, not blarney, FACTS. I happen to be a retired Immigration Officer from the Mexican Border, and know the desert, but I love it up here.

In your March issue Rambling on Rocks by Glenn and Martha Vargas really is superb. I have read it two times. I have had a large number of people ask me, "Just how is an agate—geode formed?" I have always had a pretty good idea, but to try and explain it would be quite lengthy, so I just said, "Through volcanic action"—to the tourist. It satisfied them, but the rockhound was more skeptical, knowing there was more to it than that.

I wish to congratulate Glenn and Martha Vargas on their very fine article. It is so well explained. I do not know them, of course, but by chance they might be visiting up in this country I would like the opportunity of meeting them.

C. A. "CHUCK" HULL,

Chuck's Rock Shop, Rapid City, S. D.

It Serves A Good Porpoise . . .

It's a long way from the California desert to the beaches of the Florida Keys, but a good idea adapts to a variety of climates.

Your article Artistry in Ironwood, (February, '70) provided great inspiration for what to do with our mounds of driftwood.

A few folks down our way have "tinkered up" some rather monstrous driftwood lamps and ash trays, but nothing to approach the subtle artistry of Mrs. Slocum's work. The simple lines which she used to express the motion and humor of her roadrunner is quite amazing.

They say that imitation is the highest form of compliment. If so, I hope that True Slocum won't mind if I experiment with her technique. Her desert clown, the roadrunner, has an ocean-going counterpart in the porpoise, if I can just find the right piece of wood.

Thank you, Mrs. Slocum and Jack Pepper, for a marvelous idea and an interesting article.

GERALDINE GREENE,

Tavernier, Florida.

Editor's Note: And thanks to the many other readers who sent in letters expressing their appreciation to Mrs. Slocum. There were just too many to publish.

Mother Lode Articles . . .

I was born and raised in the Mother Lode section of California, but never see any articles pertaining to this section. I buy your magazine on the newsstand when I want a little desert reading. RAYMOND CUSLIDGE,

Yreka, California.

Editor's Note: Reader Cuslidge evidently did not buy the issues containing articles on the Mother Lode. During the summer months we run many articles each year on his country.

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